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SELLING CHRISTMAS GREENS—A SCENE IN RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.—Drawn by W. L. Sheppard.—[See Page 1050.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1875.

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A Romance.

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Author of "The Maid of Sker," "Lorna Doone," "Alice Lorraine," etc.

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BY MISS THACKERAY,

Author of "Miss Angel," "A Village on the Cliff," "Old Kensington," etc.

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and a beautiful engraving of a winter scene, entitled "Twenty Miles an Hour."

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THE REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE IN 1876.

ASSUMING that the Republican party does not mean to destroy itself by the renomination of General GRANT, who could not even carry Massachusetts, and would certainly lose New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio, it is time to look at the considerations which should determine the selection of a candidate. Notwithstanding the Republican successes of the last autumn, it is plain that the Republicans can not elect a candidate merely by the party momentum. The situation can best be studied in Massachusetts. That is the typical Republican State. In 1872 the Republican majority was nearly seventy-five thousand. Last year the Democrats elected the Governor and several members of Congress. During the year there was a party revival, so to speak—a vigorous Republican protest throughout the country against certain Republican tendencies; and at the late election, although the Republican candidate for Governor was entirely unexceptionable, he was returned by a majority of barely five thousand. This result in a State like Massachusetts is the conclusive proof that the sense of party obligation is so weakened that its force is not alone enough to elect a President. The kind of dissatisfaction that was felt in 1872, and which led to the Cincinnati movement, has immeasurably deepened and broadened. It was without result then, because of its candidate and the alternative it presented, which forced many thousands of Republican voters to support General GRANT under protest, and which kept many thousands of Democratic voters from the polls. But next year the Democrats will nominate a candidate who will be sustained by the entire party vote, and an immense number of dissatisfied Republicans will also support him unless the Republican candidate should be wholly satisfactory to those who desire a total change in the tone of administration.

If we look for the causes which have reduced the Republican party to its present doubtful condition, we can easily find them. One, of limited scope, is the hard times; the other, and the efficient cause, is impatience with what may best be described as a low, personal, selfish, intensely partisan character of administration, which fosters such iniquities as the Crédit Mobilier, the moiety system, the salary grab, the enormous whisky and Indian frauds, questionable transactions of all kinds involving high officers and an apparent disregard of them, a despotic party control by the office-holding interest, and a contemptuous violation of solemn party pledges. These things, and such as these, are not, indeed, peculiar to the Republican party, but the Republican party is largely composed of men who will not tolerate them. When Republicans said the civil service ought to be reformed, Mr. MORTON retorted that it was the best upon the planet. When Republicans proposed to investigate the general order business and the sale of arms to France, Mr. CONKLING replied that is was mud throwing, and moved to inquire whether any officers of the government, meaning the Republican Senators SUMNER and SCHURZ, were in collusion with foreign agents. Such things as these, with the leadership of men like General BUTLER and that of the GRANT Senators, as they were called (Messrs. CHANDLER, CAMERON, MORTON, CONKLING, CARPENTER), and the intimacy with the President of "Boss" SHEPHERD and of M'DONALD and others—all these things, and not the hard times, have alienated the sympathy of Republicans, and shattered the party.

This is a matter of general consciousness, but the evidence also is conclusive. The election of 1874 occurred when this spirit seemed to be hopelessly paramount, and the Republicans were so universally routed that had there been a Presidential election, they would have lost the Administration, only two years after the great victory of 1872. In 1872 the Republicans carried New York by fifty thousand majority. In 1874, with one of the best candidates for Governor they ever had, they lost the State by fifty thousand. The secret was Republican disgust. For in the mean time the third term had been suggested, or a practically indefinite continuance of the intolerable tendencies which had dissatisfied the party. In the New York Convention—controlled by Mr. CONKLING, the immediate, especial, and enthusiastic friend of the President—a resolution disapproving the third term was smothered. The result of the election showed that defiance of the intelligence of the party was not the way of success. The result, however, was attributed by the managers to the hard times. But this explanation was discredited this year, when, although the times had not changed, the GRANT leadership in the Convention was passive, the third term was denounced, certain tendencies of the Administration were indirectly censured, the proceedings showed that the party was independent of the Administration; and notwithstanding the prestige of Governor TILDEN's canal reform, which the Republican Convention cordially approved, and his skill as a partisan leader, the actual Democratic majority of last year was reduced from fifty thousand to less than four thousand. The secret was not that the times were better, but that the Republicans—the independent Republicans who give the party its majority—saw that it was possible to reform the evil tendencies with which they were disgusted without directly or indirectly supporting the Democratic party. The favorable Republican result every where was due to the same causes as in New York—the feeling that the incubus was loosened from the party.

The indispensable condition of success in 1876 is, therefore, evident. It is that the candidate shall be in himself the proof that there will be no continuation of those things which have so radically alienated immense numbers who would prefer to vote the Republican ticket, but who will not vote it merely because it is the Republican ticket. Republicans ought to see clearly that as GRANT himself could not possibly be re-elected, so none of the GRANT group can be elected. It is the Administration which has endangered and defeated the party, and any candidate who would represent substantially a continuance of the Administration in the general character and spirit that we have mentioned would be surely defeated. The signs of the times upon this point are absolutely unmistakable. The only man whom the Republicans can elect is some man whom the Administration coterie would strongly oppose, because his career and character would be the guarantee of a total change in the tone of administration.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

THE Message of the President is very characteristic. It shows both his shrewdness and his simplicity. His treatment of the Cuban question is honorable and frank. He demonstrates that it would be wrong either to recognize the independence of the insurgents or to acknowledge them as belligerents. But he says that if pending negotiations with Spain in regard to the rights of our citizens in Cuba do not issue satisfactorily, he shall make a further communication, which he very distinctly intimates, although he does not plainly state, will be a proposition for some kind of intervention. If this were made in concert with other governments, it would not necessarily involve war; and it can not be expected that we should tolerate indefinitely the annoyance and outrage to which the situation in Cuba exposes us. An article in the London *Times* upon this part of the Message so warmly supports the President's position that it may be hoped British opinion would justify the English Government in joining us for the purpose of peaceful mediation or intervention. The real difficulty in the case is the total incapacity of the Cuban insurgents to maintain any kind of orderly or efficient government. The moment we move we shall have the responsibility of the island upon our hands, and that is a result to be deprecated for many reasons. The President's reserved communication is therefore a subject of very vital importance.

The part of the Message which has excited most attention is that which relates to education and the taxation of church property. The President's proposition is that every State shall maintain free schools for all children; that there shall be no teaching in them of religious, atheistic, or pagan tenets; that no school money shall be granted to any religious sect; and that illiteracy shall disfranchise all who reach the voting age after 1890. With this, he would tax all church property except cemeteries and church buildings. To a part of this there can be no good objection. The country would probably willingly adopt an amendment to the national Constitution requiring the maintenance of free schools in every State, and prohibiting sectarian division of the school money. But it would not now require the exclusion of the Bible from the schools, nor would it disfranchise on account of illiteracy. There is, however, no question that the President expresses a sentiment which is rapidly increasing, that the Bible as read in the schools serves no good purpose, and that in a country of free schools the man who will not take the trouble to learn to read should not be allowed to neutralize the vote of the man who will.

So, in recommending the taxation of the vast amount of untaxed ecclesiastical property, the President speaks for a demand which must be heeded. There is no good reason that great corporations should increase their property indefinitely and be released from the burdens which are imposed upon all other property owners. The only plea for such an anomaly which could be entertained for a moment is that the whole income of the property is applied to religious purposes. But the purchase of real estate is not a religious purpose, and in a country in which the government, as such, has nothing to do with ecclesiastical establishments, the voluntary principle should be thoroughly carried out. The President's financial suggestions are in accord with those of the Secretary of the Treasury, and are sound and admirable. He does not insist, as he should, upon the reduction of expenses; and the whisky frauds furnish him a text for a few remarks upon the civil service, which, however, he does not improve.

In conclusion, the President speaks of the Message as the last he shall write before the election of his successor. But as he alludes to the subject without stating that he will not be a candidate for renomination, it is, under the circumstances, only fair to suppose that he will be. For it is hardly possible that a President who had fully decided to retire, and who knew how much the public mind was disquieted by the apprehension that he proposed to seek a renomination, would speak of the subject without relieving his party and the country of all doubt. The remark in the Message is very much more significant than silence, and it should be so accepted by all Republicans who are inflexibly opposed to a renomination. They must begin at the beginning, and elect no delegate in a primary meeting who is not hostile to this project. The President could have settled the whole matter by a word, but he could have done the same thing a hundred times before. He has not omitted to do it without a reason, and the reason is obvious.

THE NEW HOUSE.

A YEAR ago the Democratic party was generally successful in the elections, and the result was hailed by the Democratic press and orators as evidence of a profound change in public sentiment. The infamies of the party which had saved the Union and sustained popular government and constitutional liberty were now to be exposed, and its crimes punished; and the party which had been always false to justice and liberty, which had debauched the national conscience and degraded the national name, which had attempted in its last administration to ruin the national credit and destroy the national resources of defense against treason, which had plunged the country into civil war, and by arms and sympathy had for four years endeavored to overthrow the Constitution and the Union of which it was the bond—this was the party which was now to return to power, restore constitutional government, defend liberty and justice, and secure reform, economy, and efficiency in every department of administration. Yet every intelligent observer saw that the party was essentially the same. Its leaders were familiar; its followers were of the old kind; and there was no sensible reason for supposing that they would govern more wisely or patriotically in 1874 than in 1864. Those observers also were very sure that the Democratic success was not an evidence of the national preference of that party, but a sign of discontent with Republican tendencies and a warning to the Republican managers. They said further that reform in any large and real sense was impossible to the Democratic party as now organized. And events hastened to prove it.

In all the States controlled by the Democrats there has been no sign of any kind of reform, except in New York, where the Governor has exposed the canal frauds. The great expectation, however, centred upon the House of Representatives, which had passed into Democratic hands. But the scenes preceding the organization of the House were but another illustration of the unchanged character of the party. The capital, according to Democratic accounts, became an arena of contention for the Speakership, as if it had been a horse-race, a boxing match, or a cock-fight. Such scenes have not been witnessed since the same "Reform Democracy" went out of power into rebellion. One of the two "reform" candidates for Speaker was known as a salary grabber, and was openly declared by papers of his own party to be the candidate of rings and jobbers. He was defeated, but he had the support of a very large number of those who, as we have been informed, were chosen as "reformers" to purify the government. And the country will observe that this conspicuous member of the reforming Democratic House, openly stigmatized by his fellow-partisans as a jobber and one of the most persistent of salary grabbers, will be placed at the head of one of the chief committees of the House—as an earnest of the ardor with which reform and purification are to be sought. The Speaker elected, Mr. KERR, of Indiana, is an honest and laborious man, belonging to the hard-money and free-trade wing of a party which has no principles upon either subject. Like all the present prominent men of his party, he was bred in the old school of Southern and slavery dominance in the government, and was opposed to all the great measures which have redeemed the honor of the country. As Speaker of the House in the renewed Union, he is as much out of place as SAMUEL CURWEN or any other Tory of a hundred years ago would have been as Speaker of the same House in 1790.

The first act of the new House was also indicative of its spirit. It was an attempted breach of plighted faith, under the leadership of FERNANDO WOOD, supported by Mr. LAMAR, of Mississippi. WOOD proposed to disregard the WHEELER compromise of last winter, by which KELLOGG was recognized as Governor of Louisiana. The compromise was accepted by all sides, and has been honorably observed. The Speaker is said to have favored WOOD's movement and the breach of faith, but seeing that it would not do to throw off every disguise at the very beginning, and when they have no control of the Senate and Executive, the "reform" managers were demoralized, and the effort failed. This incident emphasizes another fact which those who anticipated a spirit of reform in the Democratic House will not fail to remark. It is that FERNANDO WOOD is a leading figure in the assembly whose election was declared to be a sign of unmeasurable benefit for the country. There are those who argued from the prom-

inence of General BUTLER in the last House the degradation and decline of the government, yet who actually regard a House in which FERNANDO WOOD is more conspicuous as a body from which reform is to be expected. But the final exposure of the hollow pretense under which this House assembles will be made when the reform Speaker appoints the reforming FERNANDO WOOD to the head of one of the three chief committees. As political opponents we might be glad of such an effectual and conclusive proof of the absolutely unchanged character and purpose of the Democratic party. But as Americans we should wish to be spared such a disgrace to the country. WOOD has been seriously mentioned as the probable chairman of the Ways and Means—the leading committee of the House. Such an appointment would be a gross outrage upon the national sense of decency. His relations to the statute of limitations are well known in New York. As a politician he is an unscrupulous demagogue, who as Mayor of New York resisted the Metropolitan Police Law, so that the Governor detained a regiment about leaving the city to withstand any possible violent demonstrations upon his part; and in the same office, at the outbreak of the war, he was baffled in the attempt to send arms to the rebels, and apologized to their agent that he was not permitted to aid them. Such a man as leader of the Democratic House and chairman of one of its chief committees is an illustration of the kind of political Millennium that is to be expected from the Democratic party.

SECTARIAN POLITICS.

IN condemning the political aggressions of the Roman Catholic priesthood upon the public-school system, it is not their action as citizens, but as priests, that we denounce. Priests as priests have no place in our political system. If a man, whether Romanist or Episcopalian or Hebrew or Presbyterian or Baptist or Unitarian, opposes in a lawful manner any institution in the country, he is within his right. But when a religious sect as such takes a political ground, and as a sect mingles in politics, it becomes a common enemy. This is as true of a Protestant as of the Roman sect. It is as true of a Methodist minister as of a Catholic priest. And when Bishop HAVEN appeals to a Methodist Sunday-school Union and Tract Society to labor for the renomination of General GRANT, he is guilty of the same offense as the Catholic priests who urge their congregations to favor the sectarian division of the school money. Bishop HAVEN appeals to a sectarian feeling to promote a political end. He uses his influence as a religious minister for an illegitimate purpose. He can not compare himself with the preachers of the Revolution nor with the antislavery preachers of twenty years ago, because he can not plead any urgent, threatening moral peril for which the re-election of the President is the plain and necessary remedy.

What would Bishop HAVEN and the ministers who applauded his nomination of General GRANT think if Cardinal M'CLOSKEY should issue an ecclesiastical order of the day exhorting all Roman Catholics to vote for Mr. TILDEN for the Presidency, to pray for his success and for the overthrow of the power of the Republican party? The land would ring with indignation from end to end. But Bishop HAVEN does precisely the same thing. If the bishop of one Church may urge his fellow-churchmen to stand by their Church and GRANT, the bishop of another may urge his friends to stand by their Church and TILDEN. The mischief of this business ought to be familiar to every American. It is that it mingles religious feeling and sectarian fury with objects with which they have no concern, and from which the fathers were very careful to separate them. Bishop HAVEN can probably see that even upon the lowest ground of expediency, such an appeal as he makes is a mistake. General GRANT is a Methodist, and a Methodist bishop appeals to Methodists to support him. Is that an argument for Baptists, or for Congregationalists, or for Universalists? He merely inflames their sectarian zeal in opposition. And the great mass of American citizens, who insist upon an absolute separation of church and state, resent every such appeal as a most dangerous precedent.

The third-term project will not gain by the Bishop's speech, and for the same general reason. If, in addition to the overthrow of an unwritten constitutional precedent, and to the perilous extension of Executive patronage, the support of a third term is to mingle sectarian passions and prejudices with politics, there is another powerful reason for opposing it. The Bishop furnishes us with no argument. He says the question is whether the North shall rule, and whether the power of the papacy shall prevail, and his reply is that if the politicians defeat the renomination of the President, the country will rue it. But it is nobody but the politicians who are thinking of a renomination. The country certainly does not wish it. The only way in which it could become even a possibility would be by the concerted action of the politicians who hold office by Presidential favor. And why would not any other honest and able Republican President hold "slavery and the papacy" at bay as well as General GRANT? We can not say, as in the case of Mr. LINCOLN, that we ought not to swap horses in crossing the stream, simply because we are not crossing a stream. The thing that the country will rue is the election of a Democratic President, and Bishop HAVEN's advice would, if taken, secure that result. But, more than that, he must remember that he has given the Roman Catholic priests the advantage of his example in their warfare as a sect upon the public-school system. The Bishop, as a Methodist, rallies the Methodists for a third term. The priests, as Romanists, rally the Catholics against the schools.

PERSONAL.

SENATOR THOMAS WHITE FERRY, of Michigan, Vice-President *pro tem.* of the United States, was born in Mackinac, Michigan, and is now forty-nine years old. His father, Rev. WILLIAM M. FERRY, was a Presbyterian minister, who went as a missionary to the Indians at Mackinac in 1822. THOMAS W., the second son, received only the education of the village school at Grand Haven, whither his parents had removed. He early entered the mercantile and lumber business, and was always remarkable for his energy. In due time he went to the State Legislature, was elected to the Thirty-ninth, Forty-first, and Forty-second Congresses, but before taking his seat in the Forty-second was elected United States Senator, and last year chosen its President *pro tem.* He is a bachelor, in high health, of pleasing address, and socially very genial. From boyhood he has been a communicant of the Presbyterian Church.

—Mr. WILLIAM WINTER's poem, read at the dedication of the Poe monument in Baltimore, is described by a correspondent of the Providence *Journal* as really noble, and striking the right chord. The *Journal* itself says of it: "Mr. WINTER's poem can not be overpraised. In exquisite truth and tenderness of feeling it is unsurpassed by any elegiac poem in the language, while the fourth and fifth verses, in the contrasted depth and splendor of their imagery, are wonderfully fine and impressive."

—General M'CLURG, of Chicago, presents a fine specimen of the clever and versatile man of the West. During the late civil war he was chief of staff to General JEFFERSON C. DAVIS. At its conclusion he went into the book-selling business, and became partner in one of the largest and most successful houses of the West—JANSEN, M'CLURG, & Co., of Chicago. This firm is thoroughly wholesale in its operations. For instance, it took 2000 copies of General SHERMAN'S *Memoirs*, published by the APPLETONS, and about 10,000 or more of WILL CARLETON'S *Farm Ballads* and recently published *Farm Legends*. Of these two books, in about two years, the HARPERS have printed nearly 80,000 copies. The *Farm Legends* bids fair to equal the *Ballads* in sales, and the young author is modest, and bears his honors meekly.

—Mr. JAMES S. SEYMOUR, who died at Auburn on the 30th ult., at the age of eighty-four, was one of the most highly esteemed citizens of Central New York. He commenced life in Hartford, Connecticut, as a manufacturer of pocket-books, having as a partner S. G. GOODRICH, better known as "Peter Parley." In 1817 he received the appointment of cashier of the Bank of Auburn, then just organized. In 1849, having held that position thirty-two years, he was made president of the bank, which office he held to the day of his death. He was one of the originators of the Cayuga Asylum for Destitute Children, and the only president the board had ever known. He became a member of the First Presbyterian Church in Auburn in 1821, was chosen ruling elder in 1832, and continued as such until his death. He was very liberal, though unostentatious, and took much interest in the advancement of deserving young men. Shrinking from the noise and contentions of politics, and avoiding the devious and disreputable ways by which men too often seek to grow rich, he pursued the better way, which secured for him ample competence and the esteem of all who knew him.

—Mr. STANLEY FOX, who died in this city December 4, at the age of thirty-two, was in well-deserved repute as an artist for the illustrated press of New York. He was at the South during the war, in the service of one of our contemporaries, and was for several years engaged in the pictorial department of *Harper's Weekly*. Mr. FOX was rapid and spirited in his work, and his thoroughly upright and amiable character won the esteem of all who knew him.

—A fair correspondent writing from Paris gives an interesting glimpse into the artistic life of MEISSONNIER and his mode of working. His pictures are quite rare, as is well known, and the reason is that the artist paints so slowly and so conscientiously that a long time is consumed in the production of a single work. For instance, if he is to paint a cavalry charge over a grain field, he buys a field on which the grain is standing, and hires horsemen in cavalry uniform to ride over it at full gallop and trample it down, in order to have the true effect before his eyes. The time which such a method of study takes is amply rewarded by the exquisite fidelity and finish of his works, and the high prices which picture buyers are eager to pay for them.

—A gentleman who was on intimate personal terms with the late WILLIAM B. ASTOR, said of him: "If you can find a word that means, in the strongest way, 'not purse-proud,' you can apply it to Mr. ASTOR. He was that all the time. I never heard him allude to his money, or introduce the subject in the remotest manner. He sank, to a degree as remarkable as it was unusual, and in as good taste and sense as it was remarkable, all outer signs of his enormous wealth." It is stated in one of the morning papers that it has been the custom in the ASTOR family for three generations to deposit $100,000 in bank at the birth of a son or daughter, the money and interest to be given to the child when he or she became of age.

—The people of Lexington, Kentucky, desire that the Legislature shall make an appropriation for a monument to be erected at Lexington over the grave of WILLIAM T. BARRY, the first Postmaster-General of the United States, who received his appointment from ANDREW JACKSON when the office was first made a cabinet position.

—Three Vice-Presidents before Mr. WILSON have died in office: GEORGE CLINTON, who held the office after BURR, during JEFFERSON's second term and during MADISON's first; ELBRIDGE GERRY, who held it in MADISON's second; and WILLIAM R. KING, Vice-President under PIERCE.

—Governor HAWLEY, of Connecticut, president of the Centennial Commission, captured completely the entire menagerie of bulls and bears at the Stock Exchange a few days since by his eloquent speech before the board. In Western phrase, he is the most artful "honey-fugler" that ever attempted to talk sequins out of the pockets of those cunning men, who make it a pleasant boast that "it is not money that they want, for they are of German parentage, and drink wine at dinner." After the speech the board and the general had things poculent.

—Professor PROCTOR, who is about to enlighten New Yorkers on celestial topics, says the Americans are good listeners. "On the whole," says he, "I think the tone of audiences in this country is better than on the other side. Your audiences here are larger, and more people are interested in scientific subjects. When Professor TYNDALL lectures at the Royal Institution, London, he rarely has an audience of more than 300 or 400 (I mean at lecture courses), while here in Boston and other cities I obtain considerably larger audiences, often upward of 1000 persons." During the interview the professor received a cable dispatch from London announcing the arrival of twin sons at his home, increasing the number of his children to eleven.

—The late election reminds one of the first political success of Lord PALMERSTON. He was elected to Parliament as a government candidate for Newtown, in the Isle of Wight, a borough of Sir LEONARD HOLMES. One condition required was that Lord P. should never, even for the election, set foot in the place, so jealous was the patron lest any attempt should be made to get a new interest in the borough. Lord P. never saw his constituents.

—Lord SALISBURY, British Secretary of State for India, is said to exercise undisputed sway over his department, communicating neither his intentions nor his policy to his colleagues. No one interferes with him; no one divides his responsibility. With his ministerial chief, Mr. DISRAELI, he is on the coldest of speaking terms. But he is not only the Indian Secretary; he is a writer, as well as a speaker, of great power. He has been a *Saturday Review*-er and a regular leader writer for the London *Standard*, acquitting himself with effect in both *rôles*; and for the stinging precision of his phrases, the drastic vigor of his arguments, and the appositeness of his illustrations is materially indebted to the discipline of the press: and he has never ignored the obligation.

—President WHITE, of Cornell University, will show the professional people of the country what can be done by importing an Oxford or Leipsic graduate to fill the professorship of music to be founded at Cornell.

—CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS is famous for his epigrammatic manner of putting things. Thus, speaking of the depression in commercial and manufacturing circles, he remarked that the thing necessary for a revival of business in this country was a revival of religion. MOODY first, Mammon afterward.

—Lord HOUGHTON went to Massachusetts to spend Thanksgiving according to the method of the Puritan, and especially to observe with the candor of an intelligent Englishman the effect of pumpkin-pie. It was meet and right to do this, for the early members of Plymouth colony came from Lord HOUGHTON's section of England, and WILLIAM BREWSTER, after going out of the service of DAVISON, lived and kept the post-horses at a village which is now included in Lord H.'s Yorkshire property. Lord HOUGHTON thinks that the Centennial would be a good time to commence to give up some of our old prejudices and customs. England has given up GUY FAWKES; why shouldn't the noble American abandon the Fourth of July and its horrible fire-crackers and orations?

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE Forty-fourth Congress assembled at noon on the 6th inst. The Senate stands, Republicans, 43; Democrats, 29; independent, 1; vacancy, 1—giving the Republicans a majority of 12. The House has 174 Democrats, 107 Republicans, and 10 Liberals. Eleven seats in the House are contested. The Senate was called to order by the acting Vice-President, Hon. T. W. Ferry (Republican), of Michigan. David M. Key appeared as the appointed successor of Senator Andrew Johnson, and was sworn in. The House was called to order by Mr. M'Pherson, Clerk of the previous session. Two hundred and eighty-six members answered to their names at roll-call. Representative Michael C. Kerr (Democrat), of Indiana, was chosen Speaker by 173 out of 282 votes, Mr. James G. Blaine receiving 106, and 3 scattering. When the members came to be sworn in, it was found that 61, who were from the South, could not take the iron-clad oath, and the modified form was therefore administered to them. Representatives Morey, of Louisiana, and Goode, of Virginia, were objected to, but were finally admitted. The following-named gentlemen were chosen officers of the House: Clerk, George M. Adams, of Kentucky; Sergeant-at-Arms, John G. Thompson, of Ohio; Door-keeper, Lafayette N. Fitzhugh, of Texas; Postmaster, James M. Stewart, of Virginia; Chaplain, the Rev. I. L. Townsend, of the District of Columbia. Resolutions were passed adopting the rules of the House in the Forty-third Congress as the rules of the present House, except rules 166 and 167, and also providing for the appointment of a Committee on Rules, to consist of the Speaker and four members. (Rules 166 and 167 are those adopted in the last Congress requiring motions to suspend the rules to be seconded by a majority, and forbidding the entertainment of dilatory motions).—The President's Message was presented on the second day (7th inst.) in both Houses, and after being read was ordered printed.—On the 8th a memorial was presented in the Senate from the Centennial Commission for an appropriation of $1,500,000. Senator Morton, on the 8th, presented a bill to provide for and regulate the counting of votes for President and Vice-President, and the decision of questions arising therefrom. Ordered to be printed, and lie on the table till referred. Also, a joint resolution to amend the Constitution of the United States so as to elect the President and Vice-President by direct vote of the people, and abolishing the Electoral College. Ordered to be printed, and referred to the Committee on Privileges and Elections, when appointed. The proposed amendment is the same as that reported by the Committee on Privileges and Elections of the last session, and discussed in the Senate, but not acted upon for the want of time. Senator Robertson, of South Carolina, introduced a bill to remove the legal and political disabilities of all citizens of the United States subject thereto. Senator Morrill, of Maine, submitted a resolution that "the Committee on Post-offices and Post-roads be instructed to inquire into the expediency of so amending the laws in relation to the postal service as to produce an annual revenue adequate to the support of the service." To be printed, and lie on the table.—On the 9th a letter was read in the Senate from W. L. M'Millan, of Louisiana, relinquishing his claim to a seat in the Senate, as having been elected by the M'Enery Legislature. The standing committees of the Senate were appointed on the 9th. The names of the chairmen of the leading committees are as follows: Foreign Relations, Mr. Cameron, of Pennsylvania; Finance, Mr. Sherman; Commerce, Mr. Conkling; Military Affairs, Mr. Logan; Naval Affairs, Mr. Cragin; Judiciary, Mr. Edmunds; Post-office, Mr. Hamlin; Indians, Mr. Allison; Railroads, Mr. West; Civil Service and Retrenchment, Mr. Clayton. Senator Conkling, on the 9th, introduced a bill to amend the act creating the tribunal to adjudicate the Geneva award. It repeals so much of the twelfth section of the act as excludes insurance companies, and allows them to participate in the award. It also extends the time of the court for a period sufficient to enable it to hear and dispose of such additional claims, such period not to exceed one year from the expiration of the time for filing claims under this act. Referred to the Committee on Judiciary. Mr. Sherman, on the same day, introduced a bill to extend the duration of the court for the adjudication of the Geneva award claims. Referred to the same committee. Mr. Bogy, of Missouri, introduced a bill providing that from and after July 4, 1876, duties on imports may be paid in legal tenders and national bank notes or coin, at the option of the importer. Referred to the Committee on Finance. On the 9th the President sent a number of nominations to the Senate, almost all of them being appointments made during the recess. The following were confirmed: Z. Chandler, Secretary of the Interior; Edwards Pierrepont, Attorney-General; David Day, Postmaster at St. Paul, Minnesota; John C. New, of Indiana, Treasurer of the United States; John Q. Smith, of Ohio, Commissioner of Indian Affairs; and John Taffe, of Nebraska, Secretary of the Territory of Colorado, vice John Jenkins, suspended during the recess of the Senate.—In the House, on the 10th, Mr. M'Dougall (Republican), of New York, asked leave to introduce and put upon its passage a bill repealing so much of the act of March 3, 1875, as had been construed to cover postage on printed matter. Mr. Starkweather (Republican), of Connecticut, offered a substitute providing that from the 1st of January, 1876, postage shall be charged on pamphlets, transient newspapers, periodicals, magazines, handbills, posters, unsealed circulars, prospectuses, proof-sheets, and corrected proof-sheets at the rate of one cent for every two ounces or fraction thereof, and that the postage on all other mailable matter of the third class shall remain as now provided by law. Mr. M'Dougall accepted the substitute, but no further action was taken.

The Secretary of the Navy reports the number of vessels of every class and description now on the navy register as 147, of 152,492 tons measurement, and carrying 1195 guns. Of these, 26 are iron-clads, 95 steam-vessels (including 25 tugs), and 26 sailing vessels.

The Secretary of War in his annual report states that the army is reduced to 45,000 men. Enlistments have increased and desertions largely diminished over last year. The actual expenditures of the War Department for the year ending June 30, 1874, including river and harbor improvements, were $42,327,314 71; the same for the last fiscal year, ending June 30, 1875, were $41,277,375 28—showing a reduction of $1,048,939 43. The estimates for the military establishment for the ensuing fiscal year, ending June 30, 1877, are $33,452,396 50; those for the current fiscal year, ending June 30, 1876, were $32,488,969 50, being an increase of $963,427; the appropriations for that purpose for the current fiscal year were $28,727,407 99.

The Secretary of the Treasury has sent to Congress the following estimates for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1876: Congress, $6,659,137 97; Executive proper, $78,400; Department of State, $1,638,765; Treasury Department, $171,066,214 31; War Department, $52,588,049; Navy Department, $21,086,627 65; Interior Department, $42,068,285 96; Post-office Department, $10,468,750; Department of Justice, $4,100,260; Department of Agriculture, $276,280—total, $310,030,769 89. The appropriations were nearly $17,000,000 below these figures.

There are no further tidings from the fugitive Tweed. The officers are still looking for him, but thus far not the slightest clew has been obtained as to his whereabouts.

The Virginia Legislature, on the 8th inst., elected State officers. James M'Donald was chosen Secretary of the commonwealth.

During the month ending November 30, 4991 immigrants arrived at the port of New York, of whom 2795 were males and 2196 females; 1956 were from Germany, 866 from England, and 664 from Ireland. The total shows a decrease of 3864 compared with that of November, 1874, when 8855 arrived.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ANOTHER frightful tale of shipwreck and death at sea reaches us by cable from London. The North German steamer *Deutschland*, on her way from Bremen for New York, stranded on Kentish Knock, a dangerous shoal in the North Sea, near the mouth of the Thames River, early on the morning of the 6th, and as many as seventy-eight of those on board were lost. A heavy snow-storm prevailed at the time, and the weather was piercing cold. The moment the breakers were observed the engines were reversed, but it was too late. The next moment the vessel struck, and after drifting about upon the sands, finally broke in two. The signals of distress were seen at Harwich, but as there was no life-boat there, no one could go to the rescue.

A terrible disaster occurred at Bremen on the 11th. The steamer *Mosel* was about to sail for New York, when a package of combustible material, concealed in a passenger's luggage on the wharf, exploded, killing fifty persons outright, and injuring many others. Among the killed were many passengers who had been rescued from the *Deutschland*, and who had retaken passage on the *Mosel*. The steamer was only slightly damaged.

The schooner *Hopewell*, from St. Johns for Harbor Main, Newfoundland, struck on the Biscan Rock on the 29th ult., and immediately went to pieces. Only one man was saved, seven being drowned. The schooner *Water Witch*, on the same voyage, was wrecked the same night at Pouch Cove, and twelve out of twenty-five persons on board were drowned.

In the French Assembly, on the 9th, balloting was begun for the election of seventy-five Senators, who are to hold office for life. Thus far the following have been elected: the Duc d'Audiffret-Pasquier, President, and M. Martel, First Vice-President of the Assembly; Generals D'Aurelle, De Paladines, and Changarnier, Treybault, and Chanzy; Admirals Pothuan and Fourichon; and MM. Krantz, Duclerc, De Lasteyric, Corne, Laboulaye, Roger, Foubert, Wolowski, St. Hilaire, Casimir-Perier, Cordier, Picard, and Maleville. The Left developed a surprising strength in voting.

A terrible explosion occurred on the 6th in the Swaithe Main Colliery, near Barnsley, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, England, and over 130 lives were lost. On the same day an explosion took place in a coal mine near Pentyrch, in South Wales. Twelve persons were killed and ten injured. Three days later there was an explosion in a coal mine at Methley, near Leeds, and six men were killed.

THE NEW YORK "HERALD'S" WAR WITH SPAIN.

"*We have our internal affairs to arrange, our finances to strengthen. War would interrupt all this. It would be a relapse, bringing up again, and in an intensified form, all the evils of the rebellion, so far as the war for its suppression affected our industry, our credit, or our commerce. It would send our bonds rolling back upon us. It would weaken our credit in every money market of Europe. It would advance gold, paralyze our reviving manufactures, and add to the currency millions of greenbacks—enough, we fear, to satisfy the most enthusiastic inflationist . . . It is not to 'enthusiastic patriots' that we address this discussion of the Cuban question, but rather to that sober-minded, common-sense class which has all to lose and nothing to gain by war. A war, even for Cuba, is the surest means toward inflation, and from inflation to repudiation. Every friend of the nation's credit should pray for the nation's peace.*"

THE NEW YORK "HERALD" ON ITS OWN WARS.

"*What might have been a tragedy has ended in a burlesque. All of our bluster, all of our 'bounce,' all of our defiant menaces to poor Spain, all of our war preparations, our diplomatic notes, our veiled threatenings, our mysterious hints about Cuba and 'manifest destiny,' and the American eagle and our 'whipping all creation,' have come to nothing.*"

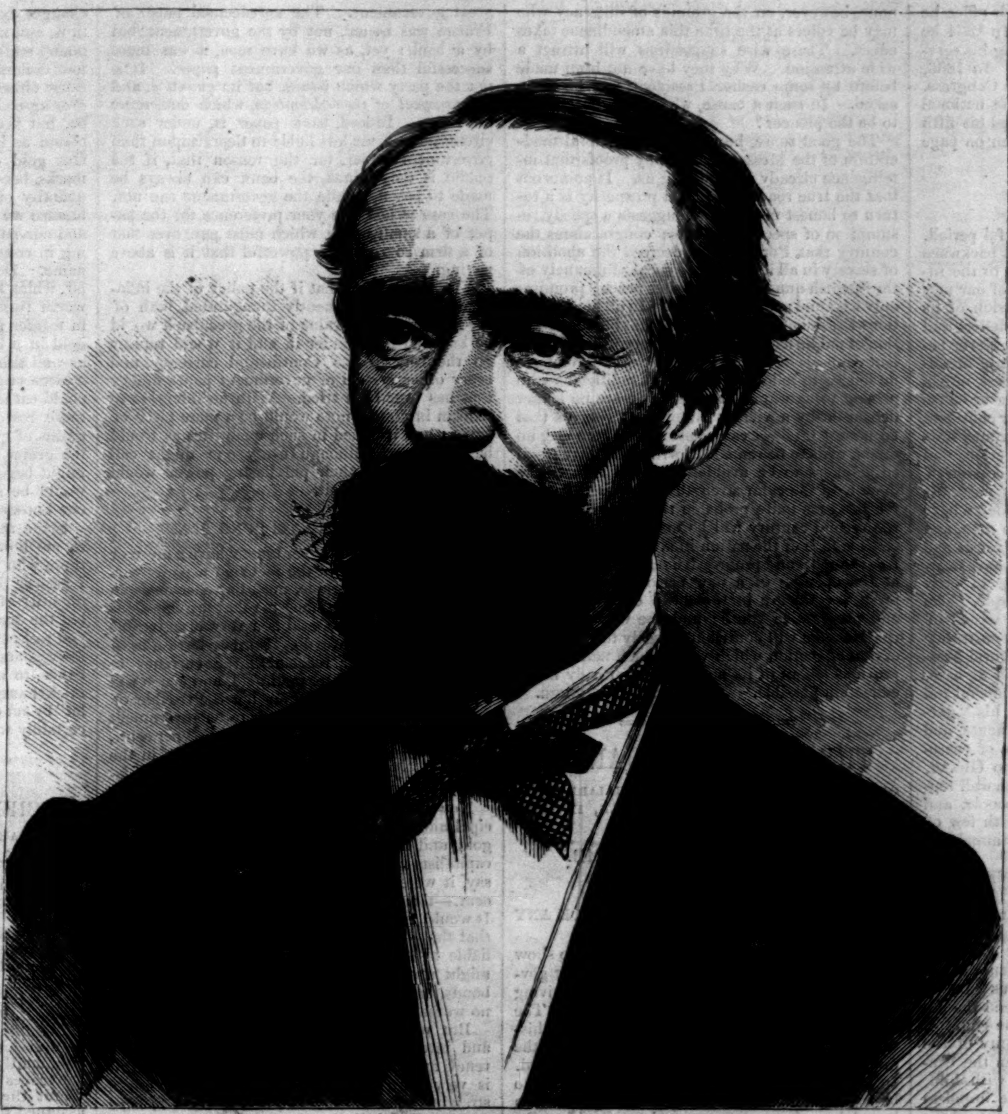
J. G. B., JUN., IN HIS PROPERTY-ROOM.

J. ROSS BROWNE.

THIS eminent traveler and author died at his residence in Oakland, California, on the 8th inst. He was a man who had seen much of the world, and who had such a happy faculty for describing what he saw that his books of travel have made his name familiar as a household word in thousands of homes. Mr. BROWNE was born in Ireland in 1817. His father was editor of the Dublin *Comet*, a leading newspaper of the day, which took strong ground against the government. The paper was suppressed, and BROWNE was thrown into prison, whence he was released on condition of leaving the country. He came to the United States in 1833, and became editor of a newspaper in Louisville, Kentucky.

His son, JOHN ROSS BROWNE, early manifested a passion for travel. While a mere lad he traveled on foot through several of the Western States, and then voyaged as a common boat hand up and down the Ohio and Mississippi rivers. Soon afterward he learned stenography, and found employment for two or three years at Washington as a reporter in the Senate. But travel and adventure were more to his liking than sedentary employment. Having saved a few dollars, he started out with a long journey in his mind's eye, expecting that his funds would last as far as Jerusalem. They were exhausted by the time he reached New York, and nothing better turning up, he embarked on a whaling ship for a long cruise. The story of this voyage is told in his *Etchings of a Whaling Cruise, with Notes of a Residence on the Island of Zanzibar*, which was illustrated from his own drawings. The volume was issued in 1844.

Mr. BROWNE was for a time private secretary to Mr. R. J. WALKER, Secretary of the Treasury under President POLK. In 1849 he received a government commission to California, and while there reported the proceedings of the Convention that framed the State Constitution. Having made a few thousand dollars, Mr. BROWNE returned to Washington, where he built a house, and supposed that his journeyings were at an end. But the passion for travel was not thus to be stifled. After a few months he sold out, and with the money thus acquired set off for a European tour, corresponding for the *National Intelligencer* from Germany, Hungary, Italy, Greece, Turkey, and the Holy Land. A portion of his adventures in Sicily and Palestine was given to the public in *Yusef*, a most charming book of travel.



J. ROSS BROWNE.

On his return to the United States Mr. BROWNE was appointed Custom-house Inspector for the Northwestern frontier and Pacific coast, and during his service there wrote many magazine articles, which have been collected under the name of *Adventures in the Apache Country*, with the imprint of HARPER & BROTHERS. His pleasant book entitled *Crusoe's Island* was one of the many fruits of his California experiences. He went to Europe again in 1861. While his family remained at Frankfort-on-the-Main, where his children were receiving their education, Mr. BROWNE journeyed in many lands, Russia, Poland, Iceland, and Algiers among them. *The Land of Thor* and *An American Family in Germany* were the fruit of these wanderings.

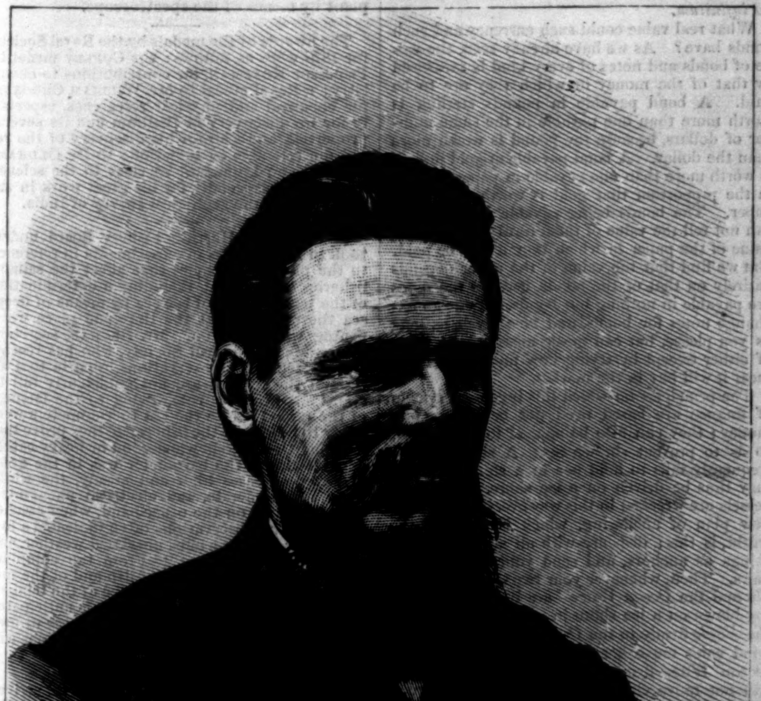
Returning to the United States, he was appointed by the government to report officially upon the extent of the mineral resources of the country west of the Rocky Mountains. His report, published in 1869, was entitled *Resources of the Pacific Slope*, and is an important work, presenting not only a careful inventory of the mineral wealth of our gold coast, but much information upon its topography, climate, and general resources. In 1868 Mr. BROWNE was appointed minister to China by President JOHNSON, but he was recalled by President GRANT in 1870. Since then Mr. BROWNE has resided in California.

BISHOP M'LAREN.

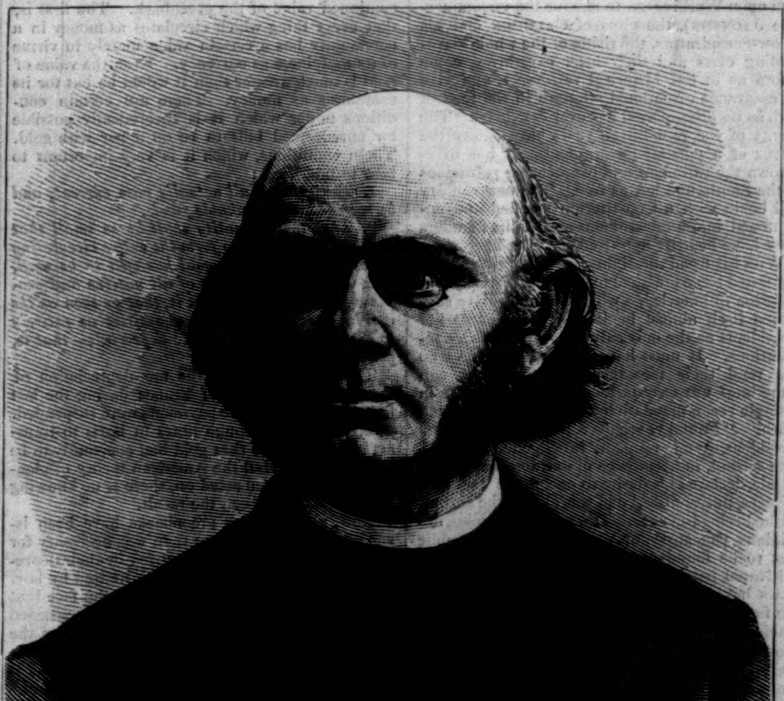
THE Rev. Dr. W. E. M'LAREN, who was consecrated Bishop of Illinois on the 8th inst., is about forty-four years of age. He was born in Geneva, New York. He was at one time editor of the Cleveland *Plaindealer*, and was considered a very able man in journalism. In 1861 he entered the Presbyterian ministry, and soon afterward went as a missionary to South America. Less than four years ago he left the Presbyterian for the Episcopal Church, where his fine scholarship and admirable executive abilities have thus rapidly advanced him to the high position which he now occupies.

THE NEW SPEAKER.

THE Hon. MICHAEL C. KERR, who has just been elected Speaker of the House of Representatives, is a native of Titusville, Pennsylvania, where he was born March 17, 1827. His parents were in moderate circumstances. He was chiefly self-educated, but studied at the Erie Academy, from which he graduated at the age of eighteen. During his attendance at the Academy Mr. KERR became attached to Miss COOVER, a school-teacher in Erie, and immediately after his graduation married her. At his request the marriage was kept a secret until his return from the West, where he remained about two years. By teaching school Mr. KERR earned the means to defray his expenses at the Louisville University, where he received the degree of Bachelor of Laws in 1851. In 1852 he began the practice of law in the office of Judge SMITH, at New Albany, Indiana, nearly opposite Louisville, on the Ohio River. In 1856, the year of FREMONT'S Presidential campaign, Mr. KERR was elected to the Indiana Legislature, and five years after his legislative service he was chosen on the Democratic State ticket, in 1862, as reporter to the



THE HON. MICHAEL C. KERR.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY ALEXANDER GARDNER, WASHINGTON, D.C.]



THE REV. DR. W. E. M'LAREN.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY RYDER, CLEVELAND, OHIO.]

Supreme Court of the State, in which office he edited five volumes of the reports. In 1864 he was first elected to Congress, beginning his service in that body in December, 1865. In 1866, 1868, and 1870 he was re-elected to Congress. He has thus served eight years in the national legislature, and this month commenced his fifth term of service. His portrait is given on page 1041.

THE MESSAGE.

Standing at the close of an eventful period, President Grant has naturally looked backward over a hundred years before he turns to the future, has pointed to the rapid growth of our new nation and the unprecedented expansion of its various industries, the energy of its intellect and its constant demand for knowledge. Never before did so varied and so active a host of bread-winners so swiftly convert a wilderness into a cultivated land, and the process can never be repeated, since the earth affords no other continent unsubdued by the hand of labor. Our ancestors were provided with a new field of action, and one they have employed well. The occasion of the last Message of a hundred years naturally excites historical interest. Our Presidents have nearly all been eminent or respectable men, and have all left behind them some useful words and some impulse toward humanity. They have nearly all been subjected to the privations of early poverty, and were never born in the purple. The first practiced surveying in the wild woods of Virginia, and learned method and self-constraint; John Adams, when he read his Inaugural Message, sick and faint, ambitious and ill at ease, must have remembered the hard yet hopeful toil of his village school with some regret, his "garret and his twenty years;" his keen, acute, and restless successor has left an example of ceaseless industry. From Washington to Grant, the Presidents of a hundred years have well represented the characteristics of our people, and rise before us at the call of history with few of the unattractive traits that mark the annals of hereditary rulers.

Our government, too, which a hundred years ago was a doubtful experiment, is now more firmly fixed than ever before in the approbation of the people. Never was it so strong or so full of promise. When the first Message was read, it gave an elaborate and necessary defense of the new Constitution, and all the generous care of Washington was needed to recommend the untried instrument of government to the country. Hamilton soon doubted the perpetuity of the Union, and was anxious to strengthen the central power. Adams almost agreed with him, but was held back by the Democratic impulses of New England. Yet the government which seemed at first so frail and transitory, which was scoffed at and despised by the advocates of a regal line, has passed through dangers that must have shaken dynasties, and political storms that few monarchies could withstand. Its existence has never until now been without the menace of some powerful internal foe. A monarchical faction threatened it in the beginning, and was suppressed; the war of 1812 excited discontent and stimulated disorder. The slavery question in 1820, the tariff question in 1836, the bank riots (when it was proposed to march a body of 20,000 men upon Washington to subdue the unconquerable Jackson), the plots of Calhoun and his fellow-conspirators, the rising of the whole slave-holding class and their utter overthrow, come before us in our historical retrospect, and give an assurance of national strength in the present such as no other period has ever conveyed. The events of the past fifteen years have shown the power of a popular government. It has overthrown the turbulent and overbearing politicians of the South, and left us free. The new century will begin with a Constitution purified and enlightened, and a government such as its founders must have heartily approved.

With his usual foresight, President Grant has suggested some practical means for enforcing that diffusion of knowledge which seems to have suggested itself almost instinctively to our earlier Presidents as the only sure foundation of free institutions. It must have struck every one who has read their messages—a salutary though sometimes not easy task—that they all unite in a single recommendation and enforce a common truth. "Found your government," said the first President, "on religion, intelligence, virtue." The second, in a sentence of extraordinary magnitude, declared his desire to encourage "schools, colleges, universities," and was always the accomplished school-master. It was not in armies, dominions, pageantry, or wealth that the republic was to be founded, but in the good sense and cultivated patriotism of the people. A hundred years have rolled away, and still the design of the fathers has not been perfected. Yet the obstacles that lay in the way of its execution have been swept aside by a sudden convulsion. President Grant has seized the opportunity to recommend a general system of education for all the country. The hopes, the desires, which the early patriots entertained, he proposes to fulfill, to enforce on all the States the cultivation of knowledge, to suffer no corner of the Union to be without its school-house, and to devote the second century of our national existence not to wars or conquests, political struggles, idle ambition, but to reform and popular instruction. The President sums up his argument as follows: First, that the States shall be required to afford the opportunity of a good common-school education to every child within their limits. Second, no sectarian tenets shall ever be taught in any school supported in whole or part by the State, nation, or by the proceeds of any tax levied upon any community; make education compulsory so far as to prevent all who can not read and write from becoming voters after the year 1890, disfranchising none, however, on the grounds of illiteracy who may be voters at the time this amendment takes effect. These wise suggestions will attract a wide attention. Why they have not been made before by some earlier President, will be often asked. In such a cause, who would not rejoice to be the pioneer?

The good sense, humanity, and general moderation of the Message are happy proofs that intelligence already rules among us. It points out that the true road to financial prosperity is a return to honest money, and suggests a speedy resumption of specie payments; congratulates the country that Portugal has decreed the abolition of slavery in all its colonies; speaks humanely of the Spanish question; advocates peace; promises only wise and gentle measures. In all his suggestions President Grant reflects that higher condition of public feeling which has succeeded the violent counsels of the period of slavery. We have no longer to follow unscrupulous politicians who present to us war or disunion; we are no longer driven on by a vicious minority to courses that no honest intellect can approve. There are, no doubt, evils to be remedied, wrongs to be redressed, dangers to be avoided; but all this will be done with the calm strength of a united people, for it seems quite probable that the opening of the second century will be marked by a general concurrence of the nation in favor of free speech, free thought, and progressive reform. We stand at the opening of a new period of intellectual progress; we are in the dawn of our vigorous and progressive youth; and the wise words of the Message will contribute largely to the spread of that education which we so much need, as the previous labors of its author have already made education possible. Eugene Lawrence.

THE A B C OF FINANCE;

OR, THE MONEY QUESTION FAMILIARLY EXPLAINED TO EVERY-DAY PEOPLE, IN NINE SHORT AND EASY LESSONS.

By Professor S. NEWCOMB.

LESSON IV.—WHY HAS THE GREENBACK ANY VALUE?

In the last two lessons I have sought to show the fallacy of the various notions afloat that government possesses some peculiar power of giving value to coined money or stamped paper. The reader who has informed himself on financial history will be familiar with many illustrations of the unpleasant truth of the views here maintained. In the history of the bills of credit which used to be issued by our colonies, and which have been issued by other governments in difficulties, the story has been told over and over again. But there are also some apparent exceptions—cases in which money, though for a greater or less space of time not redeemable, has not depreciated to nothing. Our greenbacks are a case in point. The reader may say, "On your theory greenbacks are mere pieces of paper, and ought not to be worth more than the paper on which they are printed. How do you explain the fact that they continue worth from eighty-five to ninety cents on the dollar in gold?"

I answer that there are two reasons for the continued value of the greenback. The first is, that every thing which circulates as money in a community has a certain value merely in virtue of its usefulness as currency. Even the value of gold is much greater than it would be but for its usefulness as money. There are certain conditions under which it is theoretically possible for unredeemed bills to be on a par with gold. These conditions, which it is very important to bear in mind, are:

1. *That they shall actually pass current, and be received as "bankable funds."*

2. *That their quantity shall be so small that they are insufficient to form the entire circulating medium, so that some gold has still to be used. The universal experience of all nations and people who have ever tried it is, that as soon as the currency is issued in such quantities as entirely to displace gold, it begins to depreciate—that is, gold is at a premium.*

This is the secret of the non-depreciation of the bills of the Bank of France during the last few years, while specie payments were suspended. There were not enough notes in Paris to transact its business, so that gold had constantly to be used in part. Had the American theory of plenty of currency been acted on, there is no knowing what would have been the result.

Now, although our greenbacks have been issued in a greater amount than was necessary for business, as is conclusively proved by their depreciation, yet the amount has been limited by law. It has been still further limited by the fact that the revenues of the government have exceeded its expenditures, so that a large quantity of the greenbacks have not been in actual circulation. And so long as the total issue of greenbacks is strictly limited to its present amount, there is no danger of their total loss of value.

The second reason for the value of the greenback is, that there has been more or less expectation of its being redeemed some time within the life of the present generation. Though no one has seen exactly how specie payments were going to be brought about, the general business sentiment of the country has been that we must reach them in some way. The greenbacks have always been counted as part of the public debt, which proceeding implies an obligation to redeem.

To these two reasons, and to no others, are we to attribute the fact that our greenbacks have not gone the way of all previous systems of irredeemable paper money. The reader must carefully notice that neither of these reasons is based on the fact that the greenbacks are issued by a great government. The unredeemed paper of France was issued, not by the government, but by a bank; yet, as we have seen, it was more successful than our government paper. It is not the party which issues, but its *quantity*, and the *prospect of its redemption*, which determine its value. Indeed, bank paper is, under such circumstances, far less liable to depreciation than government paper, for the reason that, if the public is determined, the bank can always be made to pay up, while the government can not. The case is just like your preference for the paper of a small house, which must pay, over that of a firm so rich and powerful that it is above paying.

You see at once that if the policy of the inflationists were permanently inaugurated, both of the reasons for the value of the greenback would be knocked from under it, and it would rapidly go the way of the Continental currency, and every other system of government paper money that has ever been tried. With no intention to redeem in coin, a note would be a mere piece of paper; and if issued in such quantities as would be demanded, although every one might call them "dollars," their purchasing power would diminish without limit.

LESSON V.—THE 3.65 BOND PLAN.

Some advocates of paper money have a more or less dim perception of the fact that a paper currency, to have real value, must be redeemable in something. At the same time they are conscious that paying out solid gold is a very disagreeable thing to be obliged to do. So they have a most ingenious plan for redeeming the currency in something vastly better than gold, and which will cost the government nothing but the trouble of printing it. This something is to be government bonds bearing interest at the rate of 3.65 per cent., both principal and interest being payable in the same paper, to redeem which the bonds are issued.

Now, I must say at the outset that if the principal and interest of these bonds were payable in gold, and if the rate of interest were so high that capitalists would be ready to invest in them—if, say, it were five, or even four and one-half, per cent.—there would be nothing absurd in the plan. It would, indeed, be subject to the fatal objection that the currency of the whole country would be liable to suffer from any political crisis which might prevent the payment of interest on the bonds, but even then the currency would be in no worse predicament than it is now.

But when it is proposed that both principal and interest shall be payable in the very currency to redeem which the bonds are issued, it is very hard to approach the subject with a straight face. Look at it a moment. You have your pocketful of greenbacks, each promising to pay you so many dollars. You take them to the Treasury, and ask them to be paid. You receive in return a bond, promising "*United States will pay the bearer —— dollars, with interest at 3.65 per cent. per annum.*" You go for your interest, and you receive greenbacks: "*United States will pay the bearer —— dollars.*" You ask for your principal, and you receive the very same old formula. Nothing are you ever to get but paper stamped, "*United States will pay the bearer —— dollars.*" You can only change between dollars with interest and dollars without interest *ad infinitum*.

What real value could such currency and such bonds have? As we have already seen, the value of bonds and notes of every kind is measured by that of the money in which they are to be paid. A bond payable in pounds sterling is worth more than one payable in the same number of dollars, because the pound is worth more than the dollar. A bond payable in gold dollars is worth more than one payable in paper dollars, in the proportion that gold is worth more than paper. The bonds being payable in paper, we can not tell the value of them until we know the value of the paper in which they are to be paid. But we find that the value of the paper depends entirely on that of the bonds, because the notes are payable in nothing but bonds. You can exchange notes for bonds, and *vice versa*, as long as you please, but can never measure the value of either except by trying how much bread and meat it will buy in the market.

The principles on which this ingenious system of finance are based need not be confined to money; they can also be applied to navigation, so as to prevent shipwrecks. A ship's anchor frequently fails to hold her in a storm, and she may thus be driven on a lee shore. Scores of vessels are wrecked in this way every year. The new plan of anchoring, which is open to the world, is this: dispense with all such uncertain things as anchors, and send your ships out in pairs. Then, whenever your two ships—the *Eagle* and the *Ocean Wave*—are in danger of being blown on a lee shore in a gale of wind, lash the *Eagle* firmly to the *Ocean Wave*, so that the wind can't move her an inch. Then, lash the *Ocean Wave* firmly to the *Eagle*, so that she can not move either. Then the two ships will bid defiance to the storm, and their crews will look on calmly as they see those unwise captains who trust in anchors drifting by them. You see the principles involved. The *Eagle* is the greenback, the *Ocean Wave* the bond. The greenback is based on the bond, as the *Eagle* is lashed to the *Ocean Wave*. The bond is based on the greenback, as the *Ocean Wave* is lashed to the *Eagle*. And thus we have in navigation, as in finance, a "subtle principle," which will regulate the movement of finance and of ships "as accurately as the motion of the steam-engine is regulated by its governor."

There is still another point of view from which it is worth while to look at this important question. We have already had occasion to mention the fact which every one of intelligence knows: that the money of all the world exchanges exactly according to the weight of gold in it, and according to no other standard. The pound sterling, for instance, exchanges for about four dollars and eighty-five cents in gold, not because either Congress or the British Government ever agreed just what the relative value should be, but because there is as much gold in one pound as in four dollars and eighty-five cents. Our gold dollar, again, is worth four German marks, because it contains that many times the quantity of gold. But on the new system of finance we are to ignore the gold basis entirely, and our paper dollar is to have absolutely nothing in common with the gold dollar except the name. Does it seem to you that this paper dollar, which has nothing to do with gold, should be worth twenty-three grains of gold just because in former generations we used to put that much gold in a coin of the same name? You might as well think that if Congress would only stamp a piece of paper "*This is a loaf of bread,*" you could eat and digest it. The fact is, there is no more reason why it should buy twenty-three grains of gold in the markets of the world than ten grains or one grain. Its purchasing power might begin with fifteen or twenty grains, but it would be sure to sink from year to year to no one knows where.

Some may say, what difference does it make to me how much gold a dollar will buy? Let those who want gold pay the market-price for it. I answer that we are to consider not merely the quantity of gold which the paper dollar will buy, but the quantity of flour, beef, and shoes. Would you feel perfectly safe in binding yourself to give forty pounds of flour or three hours' work, a year hence, to any one who would agree to give you in exchange a piece of paper stamped "One Dollar" by act of Congress? If you are prudent, you certainly would not.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Mr. Darwin has lately published in England, under the title of *The Movements and Habits of Climbing Plants*, a reprint of his paper on this subject printed some years ago in the Journal of the Linnæan Society of London, which first attracted public attention to the remarkable phenomena connected with the rotation of climbing stems and tendrils. A good deal of fresh matter is also inserted. Mr. Darwin's work on *Insectivorous Plants* has met with a large sale, being already in a third edition. Professor E. Morren, of Liege, has published in the *Bulletin de l'Académie Royale de Belgique* a record of a series of experiments which, while they abundantly confirm the insecticidal powers of the leaves of *Drosera* and *Pinguicula*, lead him to doubt the power of absorption and digestion assigned to them by Mr. Darwin. MM. Reess and Will, on the other hand, in the *Botanische Zeitung*, abundantly confirm Mr. Darwin's results in the case of *Dionæa* and *Drosera*, as is also the case with two independent series of observations carried on in England by Dr. Lawson Tait and Mr. J. W. Clark. The former gentleman claims to have established the absorptive power of the leaves of *Drosera* by planting in perfectly pure silver sand plants from which the roots had been entirely removed, and feeding them with extract of beef and phosphate of ammonia; the latter by feeding the leaves with bodies of flies soaked in a solution of citrate of lithium, and then finding the lithium in other parts of the plant by means of the spectroscope.

The awards of the medals by the Royal Society for 1875 were as follows: the Copley medal to Professor Hoffman, for contributions to chemistry; a Royal medal to Mr. William Crookes, for chemical and physical researches, especially for his discovery of thallium and its several properties, and also for his discovery of the repulsion referable to radiation; to Dr. Oldham, for long and important services to the science of geology, especially for his great work in superintending the geological survey of India.

The Scottish Herring Fishery Board undertook in 1874 a series of experiments in reference to the physical agencies that affect the salmon fisheries of Scotland, including a determination of the temperature of the sea by means of deep-sea thermometers at the time and place when fishing was going on. Mr. Buchan, secretary of the Meteorological Society, who has recently analyzed these observations, reports that although the returns are not sufficiently full to afford any accurate rule, owing to the lateness of the period before the sea thermometers were ready to be sent to the fishermen, they prove that "during the periods when good or heavy catches were taken, the barometer was in the great majority of cases high and steady, the winds light and moderate, and electrical phenomena wanting; and, on the other hand, when catches were low, the observations often indicated a low barometer, strong winds, unsettled weather, and thunder and lightning." From the complete returns of the daily catch of fish and of the meteorological conditions, inclusive of the temperature of the sea, now obtained, it is anticipated that materials will be collected in three or four years from which most valuable conclusions will be arrived at.

Captain Adams, of the whaler *Arctic*, arrived at Dundee on the 6th of November from the Davis Straits fishing. From the condition of the wind and sea at Carey Island he believes there must have been a vast extent of open water toward the north, which would permit the British arctic expedition to reach a higher latitude than possibly could have been done at any time within many years past.

Dr. Middleton Goldsmith, the well-known Fish Commissioner of Vermont, residing at Rutland, has lately satisfied himself that trout can be readily fed and reared on corn bread, the experiment having now been conducted by him over a period of several years with perfect success. He thinks that trout are much healthier and of better flavor when thus fed, although they do not grow so fast as when provided with animal food. There are also fewer cases of diseased fish, and they are much less liable to the

attacks of the white fungus—which fastens upon any abraded surface, and soon destroys the fish—than when fed upon meat. It is quite probable that this fungus (from which fish in a natural state are generally free, and which is the pest of all fish-raisers, having been known to destroy many thousands of pounds of fish in a single season) may be the result of some unexplained agency or influence of cooked meats such as are usually fed to trout, and allied to scurvy. If, therefore, the change to a vegetable diet will prevent its occurrence, it will be a very important fact.

Dr. GOLDSMITH advises corn-bread, as being the least expensive, but finds that any other bread will answer.

The Royal Commission on Instruction in Science, which has been holding its sittings for the past three or four years in England, has just presented its sixth and final report. The main upshot of the report is a recommendation that in all schools the instruction should include the three branches, literature, mathematics, and science, and that questions in all these three branches should be made compulsory in all school-leaving examinations and university matriculation examinations, but that, after entering a university, students should be left at liberty to choose for themselves among these lines of study, and need pass no subsequent examination in subjects other than the one which they select. As regards the teaching of science, they recommend that it should commence with the beginning of the school career, that not less than six hours a week should be devoted to it, and that in all school examinations as much as one-sixth of the marks should be allotted to it.

The freedom of the city of London has recently been conferred on Sir GEORGE B. AIRY, the Astronomer Royal for England. This is the first instance of the bestowal of this honor for purely scientific services unconnected with military science.

A new metal has recently been discovered by M. LECOQ DE BOISBAUDRAN in a blende from the Pierrefite mine in the Argeles Valley, in the Pyrenees, to which he proposes to give the name *gallium*. It was first detected by means of the spectroscope, being the fifth new element discovered by this instrument. It is stated to be nearly allied to zinc, and to be characterized in the spectroscope by two lines in the violet, one corresponding to a wave-length of 417, the other 404, but fainter.

It has been determined to erect in connection with Kew Gardens, near London, a laboratory for botanical research, which will be a great boon to working botanists in that country. It will be endowed by private munificence. The herbarium of dried plants—the finest in the world—having also greatly outgrown its present accommodation, the plans for a new building are now being arranged, a sum of money for the purpose having been granted by Parliament.

The *Athenæum* announces the death of Mr. EDWARD ROBERTS on the 16th of October last, in the fifty-seventh year of his age. Mr. ROBERTS, although well known as an architect, will be best remembered as an antiquary, and as specially interested in archæological pursuits. He was one of the honorary secretaries of the British Archæological Association, and contributed largely by his papers, exhibitions, and general knowledge of antiquities to the success of the society.

In the *Archives des Sciences* of 15th September, Professor Elkman, of Stockholm, calls attention to an interesting phenomenon which he has been lately studying in the rivers of Sweden, where they enter the sea. To take the case of the Norrström, at whose mouth Stockholm lies, it is found that in the whole large basin between Stockholm and the small town of Waxholm, on the east, the greatest saltness—at a depth of three fathoms, for example—is met with in the very port of Stockholm, just at the mouth of the river. This is due to a purely mechanical action which the fresh water has on the salt in flowing upon it. One result is that the lower and salter layers of water at the mouths of rivers are raised above their natural level, rising toward the bed of the river in an oblique direction from below upward. If the depth of the river is sufficient, these layers at length penetrate it, and form a salt under-current at the bottom. Thus it is that at a depth of twelve feet to seventeen feet the saltness is greater in the Gotvelf (at Gothenburg) at 4000 meters up from the mouth than in the fiord 5300 meters out from the mouth, though the surface of the river at the former point is in a superior plane to the water surface at the second. Thus a river acts, to a certain extent, like a pump. Corresponding phenomena must doubtless be produced on a larger scale in the currents between the sea basins containing water different in temperature and softness.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

DECEMBER, 1875.

Saturday, 25.—Christmas.
Sunday, 26.—First Sunday after Christmas—St. Stephen.
Monday, 27.—St. John the Evangelist.
Tuesday, 28.—Holy Innocents.

JANUARY, 1876.

Saturday, 1.—Circumcision.
Sunday, 2.—Second Sunday after Christmas.
Thursday, 6.—Epiphany.
Sunday, 9.—First Sunday after Epiphany.
Sunday, 16.—Second Sunday after Epiphany.
Sunday, 23.—Third Sunday after Epiphany.
Tuesday, 25.—Conversion of St. Paul.
Sunday, 30.—Fourth Sunday after Epiphany.

MR. WHITTLE, who, with his companion, Mr. BLISS, is holding religious meetings in Milwaukee, is described by the *Times* of that city as "a strong magnetizer, who holds the audience from the moment he steps on the rostrum." "There is," says the *Times*, "no murdering of syntax in the remarks of Mr. WHITTLE, no repetition of sentences. His exhortation is delivered without notes, and his sentences follow each other in pleasant cadence." Of Mr. BLISS, the *Times* says that "he has a heavy barytone voice, well cultivated, and full of earnest feeling." The meetings of these evangelists are held in the Opera Hall of Milwaukee, where there is a large attendance of hearers.

The Rev. Dr. WILLIAM EDWARD M'LAREN was consecrated Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of Illinois at the Cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul, Chicago, December 8. The occasion was one of much ceremony. Bishop SAMUEL A. M'COSKRY performed the ordination; Bishop WELLES, of Wisconsin, preached the sermon. There was a very large attendance of clergy and laity.

Mr. STANLEY'S account of King MTESA and his desire for missionaries to teach him and his people the Christian religion has been read with great interest both in England and the United States. One English gentleman has responded with an offer of £5000. The *Pall Mall Gazette*, however, which looks on all subjects, human and divine, with cold, worldly eyes, states the case thus: "King MTESA, having been converted from El Islam to Christianity by the sporting correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* and the New York *Herald*, wants further instruction, and a gentleman rich in gold and benevolence has contributed £5000 by way of answer to the invitation. Missions are good things; missionaries introduce merchants. But in this case there is a slight complication," etc., etc.

The death of Cardinal RAUSCHER makes the third which has occurred in the Sacred Collége within a short time. The other lately deceased cardinals are NOBILI-VITELLESCHI and SILVESTRI.

The annual report of the regular Baptists in Maine gives 19,490 as the number of communicants in the State; to these should be added 14,896 Free-will Baptists, making a total of 34,386. The Congregationalists of Maine number 19,479 members, the Methodists 19,678, and the Episcopalians 2014. The Baptist increase for the current year is 1045.

The French Canadian Missionary Society of Montreal is very active in sustaining schools among the Roman Catholics of Lower Canada. Over 2000 pupils have received education, thirteen colporteurs have been employed, and the pastors of ten churches and forty mission stations have been supported. The colporteurs have circulated during the last year 3000 copies of the Scriptures and 60,000 books, tracts, and papers. One hundred and sixty French Canadians have sent a letter to Bishop BOURGET in which they announce that they have abandoned the Church of Rome. They are the fruit of the ministry of Father CHINIQUY, whose work has no doubt been aided by the performances of Bishop BOURGET in the case of GUIBORD and the Canadian Institute. Father CHINIQUY has received a recent letter threatening his assassination.

The receipts of the American Tract Society, counted by decades since 1825, show a magnificent increase. From 1825 to 1835 they were $577,545; from 1835 to 1845, $1,154,696; from 1845 to 1855, $3,049,444; from 1855 to 1865, $3,632,601; from 1865 to 1875, $5,183,301—making an aggregate of more than $13,000,000. The publications of the society are now printed in 143 languages and dialects. It has a close connection with the Christian mission presses in foreign lands, giving aid to the missionaries in carrying forward the work of printing Christian books.

The Old Catholics are very much troubled by the question of the celibacy of the clergy. Their Synods have so far, on grounds of expediency, negatived all applications of priests for liberty of marriage. The priest SUSCZINSKI, who married and declared himself an Old Catholic, has been recognized by the Prussian government, but not by Bishop REINKENS. The Old Catholic priests of Baden are also applying to the government for liberty to marry. In Switzerland the "Christian Catholic" Synod of Berne has abolished priestly celibacy. This action must, however, be ratified by the National Synod. Some of the Old Catholic priests of Switzerland are already married. On this question the Old Catholic leaders are at variance with the laity, who wish to see the obligation of celibacy abolished.

The programme for the celebration of the Centenary of American Independence by the Methodist Episcopal churches has been published. The thanksgiving service will begin on the first Sunday in June, and close on the Fourth of July. Each church will select a Sunday during the interval named. The exercises will be a memorial sermon and a children's meeting. The people are invited to devote their gifts to the cause of education.

The St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, of Montreal, is opposed to the union effected in Canada, and prefers to adhere to the Scotch Kirk. At a meeting of the members, recently held, a resolution was passed directing the trustees of the church to hold and administer its property according to the constitution and bylaws in operation in past years.

While the German bishops are keeping up the fight with the state, more and more of the priests are recording their submission. One hundred priests of the diocese of Cologne, who are in receipt of state salaries, among them nine members of the Cathedral Chapter, have notified the government of their acceptance of the new laws. Nine priests of the diocese of Paderborn have done the same. On the other hand, the public prosecutor is moving for the deposition of the bishops of Cologne, Münster, and Treves.

Opposition to the Catholic bishops is not confined to the laity of the United States. Recently the Archbishop of Tuam removed Father O'CONNOR from the church of Williamstown, Ireland, and put in his place Father LOFTUS. The new appointment did not please some of the parishioners, and they declared that they would not hear mass as long as Father LOFTUS was in the parish. A large force of constables accordingly attended mass, and formed a complete circle around the altar, within which Father LOFTUS stood. A rush was made by the congregation to dislodge him. The constables defended him with fixed bayonets. Finding they could not prevail, the congregation left the chapel in a body.

The statistics of the Protestant Episcopal Church for 1875 show some interesting results. In the following table the returns for the dioceses of Albany, Arkansas, Florida, and Northern New Jersey are said to be more or less defective:

	1875.	1874.
Bishops	57	52
Bishops elect	3	4
Priests and deacons	3,122	3,081
Baptisms	38,053	41,846
Confirmations	22,095	26,555
Communicants	261,003	264,506
Marriages	9,690	10,347
Burials	18,969	19,468
Candidates for orders	298	268
Ordinations, deacons	110	143
Ordinations, priests	122	120
Sunday-school teachers	23,448	23,135
Sunday-school pupils	235,943	239,883
Contributions	$6,899,305 94	$7,566,573 59

The first South African Wesleyan Conference will be held in Natal by the Rev. G. T. PERKS, one of the Wesleyan ex-Presidents. The Wesleyans are acquiring great strength in South Africa.

An English vicar, lately deceased, had received from his living over $400,000. He was, during the latter years of his life, too infirm to preach much.

At the New Jersey State Sunday-school Convention, recently held in Somerville, there were reported 1770 Sunday-schools, with over 23,600 officers and teachers and 171,938 scholars. During the year there were 5047 conversions of scholars; 1225 schools use the uniform lessons.

An important correspondence between Dr. JOSEPH PARKER, of the City Temple, and Dr. JACKSON, Bishop of London, has appeared in the English papers. Dr. PARKER announced that several clergymen of the Church of England had offered to preach in Non-conformist pulpits, and had asked him in return to preach in theirs. He wished to know if the bishop would interfere, but presumed, from a certain fact, that he would not. Bishop JACKSON replied, through the *Times*, that he would take measures for the suspension or deprivation of any clergyman of his diocese who should offend by preaching for Non-conformists. To this Dr. PARKER responds, saying: "By his whole action in this matter the Bishop of London has, to the utmost of his power, inflicted the utmost dishonor upon the Non-conformist communion in his diocese. Not only will he visit with moral disapprobation any of his clergy who preach for them, but he will take away their *status* and their livelihood." The Rev. SAMUEL MINTON writes to the *Times* that he will continue to occupy Non-conformist pulpits as he has done the last two years. Though in London, he is not under Bishop JACKSON'S jurisdiction.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE wisest and most helpful charity that can be bestowed upon the poor during the cold and inclement winter is to give them work. Of course there are many who are sick and unable to do any thing, and for such special provision must be made. "Wanted, work"—of some kind. Even the poorest, if not degraded, lazy, or utterly disheartened, prefer honest labor to becoming mere recipients of charity. Work is honorable; and those who earn the bread they eat feel a self-respect which is inevitably lost if, when *able* to labor, they eat the bread of charity. Those who have the management of labor bureaus and employment societies know how painfully earnest is the call for "work, work," even though the pittance likely to be earned is wretchedly small. It is the despairing cry not only for food, but for self-respect. Why should honest, commendable pride in one's own ability be utterly crushed out by a mere gift—kindly meant, but unwise—when a helping hand for a few weeks might lift the burden, raise the sinking spirits, and rekindle the expiring spark of manhood? If it should be the conscientious effort of every benevolent man and woman to give or find employment for the able-bodied destitute poor, the whole community would reap the benefit. This, of course, must often be done indirectly—through societies and missions to which contributions must be made. But in some way to give work to the needy is a far nobler charity than to give them money.

The trouble in Princeton College in regard to secret societies has been amicably settled. The dismissed students having expressed their regret for their course in connecting themselves with prohibited societies, and given their pledge to have nothing to do with them hereafter, are permitted, on application, to return to the college. In connection with this act of the faculty, President M'Cosh emphatically expressed his opinion that secret societies were injurious. He had no objection to all proper societies, but a skulking society that goes away in the dead of night to some secret corner should have no place among honest, openhearted men.

A German inventor has introduced a walking-cane with a candle inclosed in the hollow portion in the top. Convenient for use in dark places.

According to reports from Italy, that country is now just beginning to show some genuine interest in being well represented at the Centennial Exposition.

A curious fact about Tennessee is that it contains more dogs than men. Returns from the dog-tax assessment in about one-third of the State show 47,574 men and 70,780 dogs. This being taken as a basis, it is estimated that there are not less than 225,000 dogs in the State listed for taxation, not to mention the thousands that escape taxation. Some one reckons that these dogs cost for their keeping over four millions of dollars annually, to say nothing of some 45,000 sheep which they kill every year.

Prisons and sheriffs and keepers do not seem to be of much account in these days. Among recent escapes may be mentioned that of two notorious counterfeiters by the name of Loughery, who departed from the Raymond Street Jail, in Brooklyn, without "let or hinderance." They had been frequently visited by their friends, one of them furnishing them with meals. Apparently plenty of knives were also furnished, for one night they cut through the thin wall between their cell and the corridor, and retired from the jail without further difficulty. The Lougherys were on trial for counterfeiting and circulating spurious five-cent pieces to the amount of many thousands of dollars.

The following incident is related of Henry Wilson: The evening before his inauguration as Vice-President he called on Mr. Sumner, and said, "Sumner, can you lend me a hundred dollars? I have not money enough to be inaugurated on."

Mr. Sumner replied, "Certainly. If it had been a large sum, I might not have been able to help you; but I can always lend a friend a hundred dollars."

He then gave Mr. Wilson a check for the amount, and after the latter had retired, Mr. Sumner remarked to one who was present, "There is an incident worth remembering—such a one as could never have occurred in any country but our own."

That canceled check, if still in existence, with Senator Sumner's signature on its face and Vice-President Wilson's on the back, would be a very desirable autograph.

At length, after the long famine in Asia Minor, comes the pleasant intelligence of an excellent harvest through all the devastated region. Nevertheless, some very sad results of the famine remain, and will long continue. One missionary states that in the single district where he is located about 50,000 have been reduced from producers to beggars.

There was recently placed in the Louvre six busts of the finest white marble, representing the first six Roman emperors. They were discovered in Africa, and although many centuries old, are apparently as perfect as when first chiseled.

Two American women, residents of Rio de Janeiro, a short time ago succeeded in the perilous task of scaling the Sugar-loaf Mountain, near that city. At one point they had to be lifted by ropes over an abyss 600 feet deep, with the ocean at the bottom. But they found some very rare varieties of ferns on the summit.

The biggest snake story we have seen in a long while appears in a Kentucky paper. A short time ago one Mr. Ives discovered a large cave in the side of a hill, and heard the squealing of pigs inside. In attempting to ascertain the cause, he saw protruding from the mouth of the cave an immense rattlesnake with a pig in its mouth. Neighbors were summoned with various weapons, a fire was built in the mouth of the cave, and in about an hour the reptiles came pouring out. They were fired upon from the rock above, until 310 were killed, but many made their escape. The largest was ten feet long.

What becomes of all the clothes-pins? One factory in New York State sometimes turns out fifty-five bushels of pins in a day.

There is no more fruitful source of disease in country houses than the cellar. Always more or less damp, containing vegetables in a partially decayed state, gases and vapors are generated which are very unhealthy, and whose only outlet is too often the living-rooms of the house. Fortunately, in the city, the cellar is not ordinarily used to any great extent as a store-house for vegetables; but it is frequently made the receptacle of all kinds of rubbish, whose accumulation is any thing but wholesome to the dwellers in the house. Great care should be taken to ventilate the cellar thoroughly through windows opening out-of-doors. By locating them on the opposite sides of the cellar, and opening them on warm days, the air within will be rapidly purified. It should be remembered that malarial diseases often proceed from decaying organic substances in the cellar.

In consequence of the heavy losses which the Japanese purveyors of silk-worm eggs sustained last year, they recently assembled at Jeddo to regulate the production for the coming season. It is stated in the *Pall Mall Gazette* that they have decided to limit the number of boxes to 1,500,000, half to remain in Japan to meet the home demand, and half to be offered for exportation. This measure is explained by the low prices to which their stock fell last year in Italy and France. They had in 1874 sent those two countries 1,300,000 boxes, of which only 700,000 found customers. With regard to this stock, all samples failing to find purchasers are entirely wasted, since, if the eggs are not utilized at the usual time of hatching, they must be thrown away. It appears that the quality of the Japanese silk-worm eggs has been deteriorating, and there has also been a hope that the disease affecting European silk-worms would be mitigated, which accounts in part for the lack of purchasers for the Japanese stock. Other countries besides Japan are making important efforts in the culture of the silk-worm.

Cork leather is a new substance, so prepared that when bent double it neither cracks nor breaks. Boots and shoes are made of this material, but the best use to which it can be put seems to be for military accoutrements and tent cloths. The French War-office has ordered a soldier's complete outfit to be made of cork leather.

California honey has made its way into Eastern markets, and is likely to add to the reputation of that State for valuable productions. It is admired for its delicate flavor. The bees commence working in California early in February. The finest honey is made from the flowers of the sage plant—the true sage—which grows there in abundance. The "buckwheat greasewood," a plant resembling buckwheat, also affords excellent honey.

The regular annual allowance of Queen Victoria is $1,925,000, designed "for the support of her Majesty's household and of the honor and dignity of the crown of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland." She also receives the revenue of the Duchy of Lancaster, amounting to $210,000. The Prince of Wales receives an annuity of $200,000 in his own right, the revenue of the Duchy of Cornwall, exceeding $300,000, and $50,000 in the name of the Princess, his wife. The annuities awarded the other members of the royal family are as follows: Prince Alfred (Duke of Edinburgh, second son), £25,000; Prince Arthur (Duke of Connaught, third son), £15,000; Prince Leopold, fourth son, £15,000; Princess Royal, £8000; Princess Alice of Hesse, £6000; Princess Helena, £6000; Princess Louise, £6000; Princess Mary (Teck), £5000; Princess Augusta (Queen's cousin), £3000; Duchess of Cambridge (aunt of her Majesty), £6,000; Duke George of Cambridge (cousin of the Queen), £12,000—forming an aggregate of over half a million dollars. Finally, the salaries of a long list of royal appendages amount to about $200,000.

"GOOD-BY!"

COURT OF JUSTICE.
FAILURE AFTER FAILURE, OF THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK, AGAINST THE TAMMANY RING THIEVES.
$ JURIES. $
RING JUDGES
NOW THE ESCAPE OF TWEED.
ALL THE TAMMANY THIEVES HAVE ESCAPED.
THE COURT OF APPEALS DECISION.
$ SHERIFFS.
RED TAPE SUITS.
U.S.
N.Y.
CELSI

HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

[See Illustration on Page 1049.]

Now Time has turned, with a restless hand,
His hour-glass o'er and o'er,
And the news goes forth on sea and land,
Old Christmas comes once more.
There never was cheer like the Christmas cheer,
The last, best gift of the dying year
To the weary sons of men.

The bells are ringing the story old
From out their brazen throats,
And millions listen to hear it told
As over the world it floats.
The wanderer hears the joyous sound:
"God bless the bells! I am homeward bound,
For Christmas comes again."

In the city's glare he has dwelt alone,
Alone in the "madding crowd,"
And ceaseless labor no rest has known
Till the bells ring out so loud.
Then over the snow his footsteps glide;
For joy comes back with the Christmas tide,
And peace to the souls of men.

The joyous call that the bells have rung
Is summons to love and home—
The same old song that the angels sung
Who ventured on earth to roam.
Good-will and peace where the loved ones wait,
An eager hand on the cottage gate—
Old Christmas comes again.

[Published by Special Arrangement with the Author.]

DEAD MEN'S SHOES:

A Novel.

By MISS BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "HOSTAGES TO FORTUNE," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," "STRANGERS AND PILGRIMS," "TAKEN AT THE FLOOD," "A STRANGE WORLD," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

JOEL PILGRIM.

THAT evening after Tilberry races is the gayest night there has yet been at the How. There is a dinner party; matrons and maidens wear their finest dresses, each assuming that one last and newest fashion which the Princess Metternich, or some one of equal importance, has made the rage in Paris. Even poor Marion, revived by strong tea and an hour's comfortable slumber, puts on her blue and salmon dinner dress, and feels that she is looking lovely.

Yet although most of the ladies at the How are tolerably satisfied with their own appearance, there is none among them who would venture to deny Sibyl Faunthorpe's claim to that apple of discord from whose pips sprang Troja's fall, and the slaughter of many heroes. She is paler than usual this evening, but her eyes are bright with a feverous excitement, and there is more brilliancy in her pallor than in other women's carnation.

Mr. Trenchard observes that look of unusual excitement, and sees that the hand which waves the large white fan trembles a little now and then. He has heard from some friendly gossips how Sir Wilford and Sibyl rode on ahead of all the others during the return home, and he draws his own conclusions from Sibyl's suppressed agitation and this fact. The baronet has proposed, he tells himself. Sibyl is to all intents and purposes mistress of fortune and the How. Mr. Trenchard rejoices in this consummation as if it took a load off his mind. He smiles sweetly upon his niece, and once, when he is near her for a few minutes before they go to dinner, he ventures to hint at his thoughts.

"How pretty you are looking, my pet!" he whispers, "but a little overexcited. You have something to tell me, haven't you?"

"Nothing out of the common, dear uncle."

"What, not about your ride home? Come, you see a little bird has been before you."

"Little birds are generally more inventive than veracious, uncle."

And at this point the bachelor appointed to that honor offers Sibyl his arm, and the procession files off to the dining-room. The long drawing-room, once a cloister, is at its fullest about an hour after dinner. Sibyl has just risen from the piano, where she has played Chopin and Schumann to the delight, real or affected, of her auditory. Stephen Trenchard stands with his back to the low marble chimney-piece, surveying the room in which his lovely niece forms so important a feature, flattering himself with the fancy that this room will be hers before long, that she will be its acknowledged mistress, as she is now its queen.

He looks round for Sir Wilford, wondering not to see that captive of love exhibiting his fetters more conspicuously, but Sir Wilford is standing on the hearth-rug at the other end of the room—there are two fire-places in the cloister drawing-room—talking hunting talk with a brace of rubicund sportsmen who look as if their systems were permeated with old port.

While Mr. Trenchard is wondering that Sir Wilford should hold himself thus aloof from the object of his devotion, the butler throws open a distant door and announces,

"Mr. Joel Pilgrim."

Every body looks up at the announcement, and at the entrance of the person to whom the name belongs. The name is strange to all ears save Mr. Trenchard's. The person is a stranger to all eyes save Mr. Trenchard's and Sibyl's.

Not a welcome announcement, by any means, judging by the sudden angry look that darkens Stephen Trenchard's countenance, spreading over an additional shade of sallowness, deepening the bistre beneath his eyes, hardening the lines about his mouth.

He crosses the room hurriedly, and takes the stranger by the hand. "My dear Pilgrim, what brings you here? At so late an hour, too?"

"I have to apologize for what must naturally appear an intrusion," replies Mr. Pilgrim, in a voice which is peculiarly soft and conciliatory; "but the commercial man's habitual selfishness is my only excuse—if a vice can be an excuse for a solecism. I wanted to see you to ask your advice upon an affair of considerable moment. I went to Redcastle, found you were staying here, and hired a fly to bring me on. The roads were dark, the horse slow, and the flyman stupid. Thus I am above an hour later than I need have been, though in any case I must have been late, as I only reached Redcastle at seven o'clock."

"You might have waited till to-morrow," says Mr. Trenchard, unappeased by this apology.

"I was too anxious to wait. I hope Sir Wilford Candonnel and his family will pardon my impertinence."

He looks toward Sir Wilford, who has come forward at the announcement of a guest.

"Very happy to see any friend of Mr. Trenchard's," says the good-natured baronet. "I'm afraid you have had a cold drive."

"It is not particularly warm upon your moors for a man born in Calcutta."

"Have you dined, by-the-way?"

"I dined by the way. I stopped in Redcastle just long enough to dine."

"You mustn't go back to-night," says Sir Wilford, hospitably. "You can have your chat with your friend Mr. Trenchard in the library, and then come back to us to finish the evening. I'll order a room to be got ready for you."

"You are really too good," replies Mr. Pilgrim, hesitating, and with a glance at Mr. Trenchard.

"But you have no valise," interjects Stephen Trenchard—"impossible for you to stay. Come to the library, and I'll soon settle this business for you."

Mr. Pilgrim smiles a subdued smile, murmurs his grateful acknowledgment of Sir Wilford's kindness, and bows himself out after Stephen Trenchard. There is a general sense of relief among the company when that sleek head and swarthy face are withdrawn from their midst.

"What a peculiar-looking person!" exclaims Mrs. Stormont, who is sitting near Sibyl.

"What an unpleasant-looking person!" responds the outspoken Mrs. Radnor.

"Do you know him, Sibyl?" inquires Mrs. Stormont.

"I have seen him—once before. He is an Indian friend of my uncle's."

"He has never staid at Lancaster Lodge, I think," hazards Mrs. Stormont.

"No, he has never staid there. He only called one evening on business."

"He must live in the neighborhood, then, I suppose?"

"I should hardly think so."

Curiosity has been awakened by this late visitor. There is something out of the common in his appearance, and Mr. Trenchard's vexation at his coming has been tolerably apparent to every one.

Mr. Trenchard and his friend are closeted in the library for about an hour; then a bell rings, and the stranger is conducted back to his fly, whose departing wheels are heard in the drawing-room half an hour after all other guests have gone, and just as the house party are bidding one another good-night. It is a quarter past twelve.

"I wonder Mr. Trenchard has not let that poor man stay," says Mrs. Stormont; "a nasty drive back to Redcastle at this time of night—such a horrid road after dark—and those flymen are tipsy half their time."

"Perhaps Mr. Trenchard wouldn't much care if the man was turned over into a ditch," rejoins Mrs. Radnor. "He's the most unpleasant-looking person I ever saw. Did you see how those black eyes of his seemed to take us all in? He's just my idea of a Thug."

Mrs. Stormont has no very clear notion of Thugs, but admits that the stranger's expression has impressed her unfavorably.

At breakfast the next morning there is general surprise when Mr. Trenchard announces his intention of returning to Redcastle in the course of the day. He has had letters from India which demand his attention—some property he has over there which the Government talk of buying—and it will be very advantageous for him if the transaction comes off. It is a matter which requires prompt negotiation.

"I am extremely sorry to curtail such a pleasant visit, especially on account of these girls," he adds.

The Misses Candonnel express their deep regret, but do not urge Mr. Trenchard to reconsider his decision. Sir Wilford expresses his sorrow, but even he does not press his guests to remain, much to the surprise of the lookers-on, who speculate curiously on Mr. Trenchard's motive for going, and Sir Wilford's reason for taking his sweetheart's departure so easily.

"Don't you see that it's all settled between them?" says Mrs. Radnor to Mrs. Chasuble. "He has made her an offer and been accepted, and I dare say the old man wants to consult his lawyers about settlements. He'll give her a fortune on her marriage, no doubt."

Sibyl is very glad to go, though she feels much more comfortable in Sir Wilford's society, now that he and she understand each other. Marion is bitterly disappointed at this abrupt termination to her visit, and is inclined to grumble about the money wasted on those lovely dresses, till she reflects that the money was not hers, and that it is something to have secured the dresses. There will be some pleasure in disporting herself before Maria Harrison in that brown silk costume. So the sisters go up stairs and pack, aided, or in some measure hindered, by Miss Candonnel's maid, whose services that young lady politely offers for the occasion. Mrs. Parker is rewarded for her civilities, morning cups of tea, and other small attentions, and before luncheon all is ready for departure. Mr. Trenchard has sent a groom to Redcastle to order his carriage to fetch him at three o'clock. Sir Wilford is absent from the luncheon table for the first time since the coming of his guests. Phœbe and Lavinia are unusually cheerful; indeed, Sibyl fancies that there is a general accession of cheerfulness among the feminine portion of the community. The gentlemen, on the other hand, deplore Miss Faunthorpe's departure with a flattering vehemence. They declare that a star is about to vanish from their sky, and a good deal more to the same effect. Even Mr. Chasuble has admired Sibyl, and has told people in confidence that she is the image of a Madonna by Guido in the Vatican—a nice way of telling people that he has been in Rome, and is an art critic in his way. Fred Stormont sits next to Marion, and bewails his loss.

"We ought to have gone out riding together ever so many times more," he says. "I should have made you a first-rate horsewoman"—an assertion that savors of rashness when it is remembered that Mr. Stormont has not yet succeeded in making himself a capable horseman.

At three o'clock Mr. Trenchard's carriage is at the door, the portmanteaus in, the servants feed, and all things ready. Just at this last moment Sir Wilford appears, looking very much like his own gamekeeper, in velveteen coat, cords, and leather gaiters, and with his gun in his hand.

"I hope you'll all excuse me for forgetting the luncheon bell," he says to the company generally, most of whom have come out into the hall to say good-by to Mr. Trenchard and his nieces. "The birds were very wild, and Glenny and I forgot the progress of the enemy. I made quite a rush home to say good-by to Mr. Trenchard."

"It will not be a long parting, I hope," replies Stephen Trenchard. "You must come and dine with us directly you are free."

"I shall be charmed. Good-by, Miss Faunthorpe."

Sibyl and Sir Wilford shake hands, at least thirty pair of eyes watching the operation. They shake hands in a formal and orthodox manner, and no one can detect so much as a secret pressure—love's Masonic grip. He leads her to the carriage, and when she is seated, and the coachman has gathered up the reins, he leans over for the last word and one last pressure of the little hand he had hoped to make his own.

"Trust me," he says. "You have almost broken my heart, but you may trust me."

Mr. Trenchard is silent and gloomy throughout the homeward drive. Sibyl, although glad to be separated from Sir Wilford, looks forward despondently to the solitude and monotony of her life at Lancaster Lodge after the gayety and variety of the last few days. At the How she has not had leisure for sad thoughts; no time for self-reproach, regret, and all the illness that attends her selfish course. She has been the centre of an admiring circle, her vanity gratified to the uttermost, and life has seemed one round of pleasure.

Marion is loquacious, as usual, and rattles on with her criticisms upon the How and its visitors, from Mrs. Radnor's exaggerated aquiline nose, which always blushed after luncheon, "as if it was ashamed of belonging to any one who drank so much sherry," says Marion, to the Misses Vernon's high-heeled boots, "in which I know they suffer agonies," adds Marion.

Neither Stephen Trenchard nor Sibyl responds to these remarks, but the babble runs on intermittingly till they come to the lower end of the town, and to Uncle Robert's green garden gate.

Jenny, the omnipresent, rushes out at the sound of the carriage wheels, her hair flying in the wind, and receives her sister with a volley of "Goodness graciouses" and "Sure to goodnesses," and numerous embraces which are like the gambadoes of an infant hippopotamus, or the friskings of a friendly sea-lion.

Mr. Trenchard gives a sigh of relief when Marion and her boxes have been deposited; nor is Sibyl sorry to dispense with her sister's vivacious society.

"You will find a visitor at my house, Sibyl," says Stephen Trenchard, as they drive toward the Bar—"a visitor whom I expect you to treat with all consideration, as he is a particular friend of mine."

"Mr. Pilgrim, uncle?" asks Sibyl, startled.

"Yes, Mr. Pilgrim. I did not wish him to take advantage of Sir Wilford's hospitality, nor did I want him to go back to London without proper entertainment, so I invited him to spend a week or so at Lancaster Lodge."

"And that was the reason you left the How so soon?"

"That and other reasons influenced me. There is that property I spoke about at luncheon."

"To be sure; I forgot that."

"I hope my leaving so suddenly has not been a disappointment to you, Sibyl?"

"Not at all, dear uncle."

"And that I have in no way prevented the triumph which I fully expected you to win. Pray be candid with me, my dear child. Sir Wilford has proposed to you, and you have accepted him? You ought to have hastened to tell me of an event which you know must give me unalloyed pleasure."

"My dear uncle, I have nothing to tell. I am as far from being Lady Candonnel as ever I was in my life."

"I'm very sorry to hear it. What was Sir Wilford talking about when you rode home from Tilberry together last night? Mr. Stormont told me that you and he rode ahead of the others."

"We were talking about the commonest subjects in the world, uncle. Horses, races, Marion's adventure on Fixture, and the merits of Juno—the mare I was riding."

"Humph! I fully made up my mind that he had taken that opportunity of proposing to you."

"I am sorry you should feel disappointed, uncle. But I really don't understand why you should wish me to marry. It's not very flattering to me."

"You ought to understand, child. My time is growing short, and I should like to see you established in a brilliant position before I go."

"My position will be brilliant enough when I am in possession of your wealth," thinks Sibyl, but she acknowledges her uncle's anxiety for her welfare with a tender murmur expressive of the desire that he should live forever.

Mr. Pilgrim comes out to the door to receive Mr. Trenchard and his niece, and for the first time in her life Sibyl touches his hand. It is curiously soft and flaccid, and gives her an unpleasant sensation, as if she had touched some strange animal, some member of the stoat or mole tribe.

"So glad to see you back," he says to Mr. Trenchard, in the blandest voice. "I was afraid the attractions of that fine old country-house—"

"You ought to know that when I say a thing I abide by it," answers Mr. Trenchard, curtly. "Mr. Pilgrim, my niece, Miss Faunthorpe."

"If you knew how I have been longing for this opportunity, Miss Faunthorpe."

"Don't waste time on compliments, Joel; Sibyl will scarcely have time to change her dress for dinner."

Sibyl runs up stairs to her room, cheerful with blazing fire and lighted candles—a very different chamber to return to from that dark first-floor front of Mrs. Dixon's, where one had to grope for lucifer-match and candlestick in the winter dusk. Yet so unreasonable a thing is human nature that on this January evening Sibyl would gladly exchange these luxurious surroundings of hers for the one-pair room in Chelsea, could the wheel of time make a backward circle and give her back her husband's confidence and love.

This stranger's presence has impressed her disagreeably. There is something in her uncle's manner to Mr. Pilgrim and in Mr. Pilgrim's manner to her uncle that inspires distrust. The evening at Lancaster Lodge is very quiet and dreary after the life and bustle of the How. Mr. Trenchard and his Indian friend retire to the study after dinner to talk business, and Sibyl is left alone with her books and piano. She finds comfort in neither, and, perhaps, were Alexis to appear before her to-night on the same errand that brought him to Redcastle a few weeks ago, she would exchange all her chances of wealth to follow his uncertain fortunes.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

ALEXIS COMES TO GRIEF.

THAT interview at Redcastle has imbittered Alexis Secretan's feelings toward his mercenary wife. Love has given place to contempt. A woman who could set the hope of wealth against her fidelity to him is unworthy of another thought of his.

He goes back to Cheswold reckless, angry, wounded to the core of his heart, and he tells himself that he is indifferent as to his wife's fate, that he cares not if he never sees her false face again.

The blow that has hit him hardest, he thinks, is the knowledge of his boy's death. That son whose fair young face he has pictured in many a day-dream, seen vividly in many a vision of his sleep; the son who was to inherit Cheswold in the days to come; the son for whose sake it would have been so proud and pleasant a labor to add field to field and extend the boundaries of that modest manor: this unknown but fondly loved son is lost to him—nay, has never lived save as the infant of a day old. The chubby yearling, the bonnie boy of two summers, whose image, limned by fancy, has been almost a living thing for him, has had no existence.

The loss of this shadow hangs upon him heavily. He is no longer the gay young squire who enjoyed the novel pleasures of wealth and social status. He is gloomy and absent-minded, and avoids all intercourse with his neighbors save in the hunting field, and rides as a man who holds his neck as a trifle not worth his care.

In this desolation of his mind he turns to two sources for comfort—the first, his faithful friend Richard Plowden, whom he detains at Cheswold for an unlimited period, to the peril of the Brompton fernery; the second, his stable, to which he devotes himself a good deal at this time.

His two hunters are considered the handsomest animals and the straightest goers in this part of the country, and his reputation is advanced among the rustic population by his reckless riding.

"I know you'll come to grief some of these days, Alexis," says the faithful Dick, who looks on his friend's proceedings with much dread. "Blokus, the gardener, told me yesterday that you ride with what he calls a 'plaguy loose rein,' and that you don't know the country well enough to run such risks. I don't like that tall brute of yours a bit."

"Not Bayard!" exclaims Alexis, who resents this abuse of his last acquisition—a fine bay horse sixteen two and a half, and described at Tattersall's as the cleverest thing in hunters. "Why, he's the best horse I ever rode. Such a mouth! You might ride him with a skein of silk."

"But, you see, you haven't ridden many horses," responds the prudent Richard. "You're half a foreigner. You haven't been brought up like these country squires, who have spent half their lives in the pig-skin. It is pig-skin, isn't it?"

"Yes, Dick. And do you suppose I didn't ride when I was in the army, and hunt into the bargain? and do you suppose I didn't ride in the

colonies, where a man thinks nothing of forty miles in the saddle?"

"I don't know any thing about the colonies, Alex, but you weren't brought up to following the hounds, like these Hampshire gentlemen, and I feel wretched every day you ride that new horse of yours, expecting to see you brought home on a shutter."

"And if I were, Dick, would it matter to any one except you?"

"Alex!" cries Dick, reproachfully.

"Yes, old fellow, I know you'd be sorry, but not so sorry as the heir at law would be glad. Who is my heir at law, by-the-way? I must make a will, Dick. Some part of all these good things of ours must go to the only being I care for."

"His wife," thinks the simple-minded Dick.

Alexis rides over to Winchester that very afternoon, and is closeted for an hour with Mr. Scrodgers, the lawyer, to whom he gives instructions for a concise and simple will.

He leaves his real estate to his next of kin on his father's side who shall bear the name of Secretan, or, in the absence of any such Secretan, to his next of kin on his mother's side, exclusive of Mrs. Gorsuch and her children, who shall assume the name of Secretan.

"I feel myself bound to do this much out of reverence for the good old name," he says, "out of gratitude to my cousin Matilda, who honored the name in my unworthy person. But my personal property I shall leave to the one friend whose sincerity I am assured of, and who stood by me when I was at the bottom of the ladder. I owe it, perhaps, to him that Miss Secretan's bequest found me an honest man, and not a blackguard or a swindler."

"Very right, very proper," murmurs Mr. Scrodgers, wondering whether he is to be put down for a mourning ring, or a legacy of a hundred guineas or so. He is old and Alexis is young, it is true, whereby the chances of his inheriting any such legacy seem slender. But then Mr. Scrodgers is careful of himself, and these young men hunt, and drink more brandy and soda than is good for them, and shoot with new-fangled guns, and drive tandem with untried horses after dark. There might be a chance of his getting the mourning ring, should so proper an idea occur to his client. But Alexis furnishes his instructions without remembering the claims of Mr. Scrodgers. He leaves Richard Plowden all his personal property, furniture, books, horses, and pictures.

"They ought to realize enough to make that honest fellow independent for the rest of his days," thinks Alexis; "and now if Bayard makes an end of me some fine morning, I shall at least have done one good thing in my life."

Mr. Scrodgers drives over to the Grange next morning in his highly respectable four-wheeled chaise, and the will is executed, but Mr. Secretan tells his friend nothing about its contents, nor is Richard Plowden curious. There breathes not on this earth a less mercenary creature. He is grateful beyond measure for his friend's affection, proud and happy that his presence at the Grange can give pleasure to Alexis. He plods on at his school-books every morning in the snug quietude of the study, and in the afternoon takes long and solitary walks, while Alexis spends his days in the hunting field.

The neighborhood is full of rustic beauty, even in winter, and Richard, who has spent almost all the days of his life amidst a wilderness of brick and mortar, is delighted with these country lanes, these noble old trees, beautiful in their leafless majesty, these grassy hills crowned with dark pine-trees, the blue river that winds through the green valleys, these peaceful English homesteads nestling in sheltered spots, and here and there a picturesque old water-mill with a big brown wheel that never seems to go.

Like many lame people, Dick can get over a good deal of ground, and get along as fast as those who have the full use of their legs. He grows strong in this pure air, and gets young again. His complexion loses its sickly tint. These transparent hands of his lose much of their delicacy.

"If you go on in this way, Dick, I shall find my refined and intellectual friend of the Brompton Road developing into a Hampshire chawbacon," says Alexis, jocosely, as they breakfast together luxuriously in front of a blazing wood fire one hunting morning, the master of the Grange arrayed in pink tops ready for the day's sport, Dick in a comfortable suit of gray homespun.

"I do so enjoy your lovely scenery!" replies Dick. "There's only one thing makes me uneasy."

"Your mother—"

"No, it's not about mother herself. She has some extra good lodgers in the drawing-room floor, and is as happy as the day is long. What I'm afraid of is that she'll give the ferns too much water. Mother has such an idea of watering plants! She thinks the more you drench them, the better they grow, and she's rather self-opinionated in those matters, dear soul. I tremble for my polypodiums."

"I'm glad it isn't any other kind of Polly you tremble for, Dick," replies Alexis. "What a close old fellow you are, by-the-way! you've never told me any thing about your experience in that tender passion which makes fools of the wisest of us sooner or later."

"Simply because I have had nothing to tell."

"Nonsense. Were you never in love?"

"Never. I have admired feminine loveliness and goodness in the abstract, but it never came near enough to me to fall in love with it."

"Happy man!" exclaims Alexis. "To escape love is to shun man's worst peril;

'For soon or late Love is his own avenger.'"

It is the middle of February, one of those days on which the mists of morning linger on the face of the land, as if they loved it. Gleams of sun pierce that silvery veil, and the westerly breeze seems rather autumnal than wintry. The two friends part in excellent spirits, Alexis riding off gayly on his covert hack, Titmouse, a pretty little gray mare. Bayard has been sent on before.

"How's the bay this morning, Joe?" asks Mr. Secretan as he mounts.

"Fresh as paint, Sir; but I thinks as you did ought to have 'ad him hexercised a bit yesterday."

"Nonsense, Joe. I don't care a straw for a horse when all the spirit has been taken out of him. That boy of yours gallops like the deuce when he gets the chance, I know. I don't care about having Bayard spoiled that way."

"I hopes Bay-hard won't spile you," mutters the groom, as Titmouse carries his master down the drive.

"I hope you're not afraid of that bay horse, Marshall," says Richard, when Titmouse and her rider are out of sight.

"No, Sir, I ain't afraid of no oss going, and I don't say there's any 'arm in Bay-hard. But the oss is young and silly, and my master—well, I ain't going to be disrespectuous to so good a master as him, or I should say he's young and silly too."

"But he's a good rider, isn't he?"

"He's a good 'and at sittin' on a oss, Mr. Plowden, but there's summot more than that wanted to make a good rider."

This conversation, superadded to honest Dick's own fears, makes him feel rather uncomfortable; but when he has started on his rustic ramble the sun shines out of the mist, the west wind is so balmy and caressing, earth altogether so lovely in her wintry garb, that Dick's spirits rise, and he tells himself that a bold brave fellow like Alexis is not the kind of man to come to harm in the hunting field. It is your timid rider rather who is liable to misfortune.

So Dick goes his way, and his way of late has generally been the same way.

There is a tiny village about three miles from Cheswold—a village so small that, compared with it, Cheswold is quite an important settlement. This other village consists of a cluster of laborers' cottages, with whitewashed walls, thatched roofs steeply sloping, and long strips of garden which would be quite an acquisition to many a suburban village. There is a queer little old church, at which there is service every alternate Sunday afternoon, and there are a water-mill and a homestead with a farm of about thirty acres appertaining to it. This mill is the chief feature of the scene, and it is to the mill that Dick has come. It is a picturesque old place—big water-wheel, gurgling mill-race, and placid pool. The willows that lean across the water look centuries old. The low white dwelling-house, with its steeply sloping thatch, its white plaster walls, crossed and recrossed by timbers painted black, must have been here in the days of Elizabeth. The snow-drops peeping over the tall box border yonder are half a century old, and have spread and multiplied in the shelter of the southern wall. There is a roomy old porch with wooden benches, and it is in this porch that Dick takes his rest after his three miles' walk.

It is about a month since he came here one biting January afternoon—the roads white with snow, the hedges loaded with a fine crop of icicles, the ditches ice-bound and black as ink. On so cold a day it surprised him a little to see a girl of delicate and refined appearance at work with garden scissors and basket in the little bit of ground in front of the homestead by the mill. She was plainly dressed in a gray stuff gown and black apron, and wore a little scarlet shawl tied across her chest; but the head was bare—a very pretty head, Dick thought, with dark brown hair that made a rippling line across the forehead, and was gathered in a loose knot at the back. He was not quite clear in his mind as to whether the fair gardener was pretty or not. Her features belonged to no regular type. Her nose was neither severely Grecian nor commandingly Roman, but rather inclined to the retroussé; but it was an inoffensive nose at worst. Her complexion, heightened to a rich bloom by the nipping air, was a thing for poets to rave about, for painters to vainly imitate. Her eyes were dark gray, with thick black lashes, her eyebrows dark and strongly marked, her mouth beautiful, though Dick was not wise enough to know it. He only saw that her smile was sweet, and his chief impression was of a look of goodness which pervaded the face, or so he thought. She looked so amiable that he, the shyest of men, ventured to address her.

"Rather a cold day for gardening," he said.

"I don't find it so," she answered, smiling. "If my poor arbutus can stand the cold, I don't think it will hurt me;" and she went on snipping off dead leaves, and smartening the garden by those little touches which maintain order and beauty even at a flowerless season.

"We shall soon have the snow-drops," she said, cheerfully.

"Ah," said Dick, "they bloom about this time of year, do they?"

He had made himself acquainted with the habits of ferns, but had very vague notions about flowers. The girl looked at him wonderingly, and then, as he walked a little way further, contemplating the picture of mill-wheel and water, she perceived that slight lameness from which he suffered.

"Would you like to rest after your walk?" she asked, timidly. "You have come some distance, perhaps?"

"From Cheswold."

"That's a good three miles. Our porch is quite at your service if you would like to sit down."

She opened the gate as she spoke, and Dick walked in. He felt as if he could not for worlds have resisted the invitation; so he went in, very shyly, and seated himself on the bench in the porch. The door was open, and opened straight into the neatest, prettiest sitting-room Dick had ever seen—or, at any rate, ever remembered having seen—in his life. Every thing was so bright and fresh: the brass fender; the cheerful fire; the old cups and saucers on the mantel-piece; the white ceiling; the painted walls; the chintz-covered sofa and chairs; the small round table, with neatly arranged piles of books (not show books, but looking rather like volumes in the daily use of a student) and a drawing-board—actually a drawing-board; the old engravings; the little cabinet of shells in the corner yonder. All the furniture in the room might hardly have realized five-and-twenty pounds at an auction, but the general effect was delightful to Richard Plowden's eye and mind.

The young lady—he felt sure now that she was a young lady, in spite of her homely dress and that lazy old water-wheel—went on with her gardening, nailed up stray shoots here and there against the plaster wall, and took no more notice of Dick than if he had been a hundred miles away. Dick was much too shy to make conversation; so he sat in silence, watching the girl's graceful figure as it moved about the garden lazily, in a pleasant reverie.

Presently there came a sound from within, a small shrill voice calling "Mammie." An inner door opened, and a little toddling thing, just emerged from babyhood, came running out to the porch.

At sight of Dick it screamed as if it had seen lions, and stood stock-still, paralyzed with terror—a significant evidence that a stranger was a rare bird at Dorley Mill.

The girl ran to him, took him up in her arms, and smothered him with kisses.

"Mammie!" said Dick to himself. "Then this charming girl is a married woman: I didn't observe the wedding-ring."

He glanced at the hands which were clasped round the child. No, there was no ring there.

"What a dear little—thing!" he said, doubtful about the sex.

"Yes, he is a darling little fellow."

"Your nephew, I suppose?"

"No," and the girl's cheek crimsoned; "he's an adopted child."

This was all Dick ever heard about the boy. He might have known more, perhaps, had he been curious enough or audacious enough to inquire, but he was neither. Yet he wondered a little, adopted children being rarities, to have stumbled upon one in the tiny village of Dorley.

He came to Dorley several times, finding this particular walk the most picturesque of all his wanderings, and he rested for half an hour, or even longer, in the porch, while Linda Challice—he had found out her name by this time—sat at work in the pretty parlor and chatted with him pleasantly, quite at her ease. There was something about Richard Plowden which made people friendly with him at once.

They talked about the country, which Linda knew by heart, and about London, which was a strange and wonderful city she had never beheld. They talked of books and flowers and ferns, and by this time they had become as familiar as friends of long standing.

Linda had never invited Mr. Plowden to come beyond the porch, however. She was not quite sure whether her grandfather, a funny little old man, who was always in a floury condition on week-days, would approve of such a step on her part.

And now, on this fine February morning, Dick makes his appearance, rosy with his brisk walk, and takes his accustomed seat in the porch.

"If you come to Dorley some Sunday afternoon," says Linda, after a little while, "you can make grandfather's acquaintance. He's always in the mill on week-days."

"He seems a kind old gentleman," says Dick, who had received a friendly nod from the little miller.

"He is kindness itself. There never was such an indulgent grandfather."

"And you have lived with him—"

"All my life. My mother was his only daughter. She married an artist who came to Dorley to fish and sketch one summer. She was very pretty, they say."

"I can easily believe it," murmured Dick.

"Oh, much prettier than I," says Linda, blushing, "if you are trying to pay me a compliment. I have a portrait of her in my room, painted by my father. It was quite a love match, and I dare say people said my father had degraded himself by marrying a country miller's daughter, for he was what people call a fashionable artist, and might have made a very different marriage. But they were very happy, and I believe my father was almost broken-hearted when my mother died, a few months after my birth. I suppose he didn't quite know what to do with me, poor fellow; so when my grandfather and grandmother offered to take care of me, he consented to my being brought up by them until I was old enough to go to school. I was a sickly child, they say, and that decided him. Well, my good grandmother brought me down here within a month of my mother's death, and it has always seemed as if I was born here, for I can remember no other place. My first memories are of the garden and the mill—the big black wheel and the foaming race—and those snow-drops growing within the box border."

"And you were sent to school—"

"Never. Before the school time came my poor father had died in Italy. He had earned a great deal of money at one time, but his reputation had not lasted as long as his life, and he left very little behind him. I never went to any school except the little village day school, where I learned to read and write; and if it had not been for the last vicar of Cheswold—a dear old man—I must have grown up in ignorance. But one day when he came over to see my grandfather he heard my father's name mentioned, and was interested in me directly. He was a great admirer of my father's pictures. He asked how I was being educated, and when he found that I was not being educated at all, offered to give me a couple of hours' instruction twice a week if I would go as far as Cheswold Vicarage. I was only too glad—for I was fifteen years old at this time, and felt the burden of my ignorance—and for four years I was that dear old man's pupil. He taught me Latin, French, and Italian, and gave me the best books in his library to read. I owe it to him that I never wasted an hour upon a worthless book. He was indeed a friend. His memory is dearer to me than words can tell."

Dick listens with profoundest interest, and is about to express his admiration of the good vicar when a noise in the distance startles Linda and him. It is the sound of several voices talking in excited tones. Linda throws down her work and follows Dick to the garden gate. A laborer in a smock-frock comes running round the corner, by the brief row of cottages which the inhabitants dignify with the name of street.

"What's the matter, John?" asks Linda; "any thing wrong with your children?"

"No, miss, they be right enough, but there's a accident yonder with some gentlemen hunting—a young gent chucked over a 'edge among they rushes in that there ditch just beyond your grandfeyther's field."

"Is he much hurt?"

"His arm's broke, and there's somethink wrong inside of 'im, miss—some of his internal bones scrunched, I'm afeard—for he's been spittin' blood like one o'clock."

"What are they going to do with him, poor fellow?"

"The other gents is a-bringin' him 'ere, miss, and I ran on afore to tell 'ee."

Dick is pale as death. Those terrible presentiments of his—have they been cruelly verified? He can scarcely find voice to ask the question, "Do you know who the gentleman is?"

"One on 'em said it were the young squire of Ches'old."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"Is there much water in the cistern, Biddy?" inquired a gentleman of his servant-girl as she came up from the kitchen. "It is full on the bottom, Sir, but there's none at all on the top," was the reply.

A doctor and a military officer became enamored of the same lady. A friend asked her which of the two suitors she intended to favor. She replied that "it was difficult for her to determine, as they were such killing creatures."

AN OLD SAW NEW SET.

"Come, wife," said Will, "I pray you devote
Just half a minute to mend this coat,
Which a nail has chanced to rend."
"'Tis ten o'clock," said his drowsy mate.
"I know," said Will, "it is rather late,
But it's never too late to *mend*."

WANTED.—A fifer and drummer to beat time for the "march of intellect;" a pair of snuffers to trim the "light of other days;" a ring that will fit the "finger of scorn;" a loose pulley to run on the "shaft of envy;" and a new cushion for the "seat of government."

"Patrick, where's the whisky I gave you to clean the windows with?" "Och, master, I just drank it; and I thought if I breathed on the glass it would be all the same."

A dead hen is better than a live one; she will lay wherever you put her.

An unwilling juryman recently excused himself from serving by a letter, of which the following is a literal copy: "Sir,—As I am a Fauriner and my lengwich Danich I am not ettal compitint of the Englich lengwich to be a jewry man and my contious du not alow me to geive my openian en wat I do not enderstan—An answer vel oblight."

WANTED TO KNOW—If a good view is to be had from the top of the morning; if the man who did not know what to do ever got a job.

BETTER THAN A DOZEN.—Crazy as George III. was said to have been, there was evidently a method in his madness at times. Speaking to Archbishop Sutton of his large family, he used the expression, "I believe your Grace has better than a dozen?" "No, your Majesty," replied the archbishop, "only eleven." "Well," rejoined the king, "is not that better than a dozen?"

A romantic young lady fell into a river, and was likely to be drowned; but a preserver accidentally appeared, and she was conveyed in a state of insensibility to her home. When she came to herself she declared she would marry the saver of her life. "Impossible," said her father. "Is he already married, then?" inquired she. "No." "Is he not the young man who lives in our neighborhood?" "No; it is a Newfoundland dog."

Why is the letter "o" the most charitable letter?—Because it is found oftener than any other in "doing good."

A Dutchman, summoned to identify a stolen hog, being asked if the hog had any ear-marks, replied, "Te only ear-mark dat I saw vas his tail vas cut off."

A cockney tourist met a Scottish lassie going barefoot toward Glasgow. "Lassie," said he, "I should like to know if all the people in these parts go barefoot?" "Part on 'em do, and part on 'em mind their own business," was the rather settling reply.

"This is what they call a 'fellow feeling' for a man," as the thief said when the policeman was groping for him in the dark.

A HEART THAT CAN FEEL FOR ANOTHER.—"I give and bequeath to Mary, my wife, the sum o' one hunder pounds a year," said an old farmer. "Is that written down, measter?" "Yes," replied the lawyer; "but she is not so old—she may marry again. Won't you make any change in that case? Most people do." "Ay, do they?" said the farmer. "Well, write again, and say that if my wife marries again, I will give and bequeath to her the sum of two hunder pounds a year. That 'll do, won't it, measter?" "Why, it's just doubling the sum she would have if she remained unmarried," said the lawyer; "it is generally the other way—the legacy is lessened if the widow marries again." "Ay," said the farmer, "but him as gets her'll desarve it."

CHRISTMAS IN NEW ENGLAND—COLONIAL TIMES.

THE PURITAN.

"WHAT are ye doing, idling here?
That heathen weed is not for ye;
Young Christian hands should never touch
Symbols of popery.
Go, help your mother card and spin;
Study your duty to God and man."
So spake the old man, tall and grim,
The stern old Puritan.

The startled maiden softly said—
God's fairest blessing rest on her!—
"Our Saviour, Christ the Lord, was born
On Christmas morning, Sir;
And so my brothers here and I
Will gather holly and berries gay,
As we did in Merrie England
Only last Christmas-day."

Beneath the sparkling Christmas sun
They stood in glaring contrast there—
The stern old man of rules and laws,
And little children fair.
The children, God's own little ones,
Gathered the green with merry play;
The old man clutched his heavy staff,
And grimly went his way.

Years, years, have rolled around since then,
And every dawning Christmas-day
We crown the children's memory
With holly and with bay;
And we bless the brave old Puritan
For his glorious legacy—
The homes we twine with Christmas green
In peace and liberty.

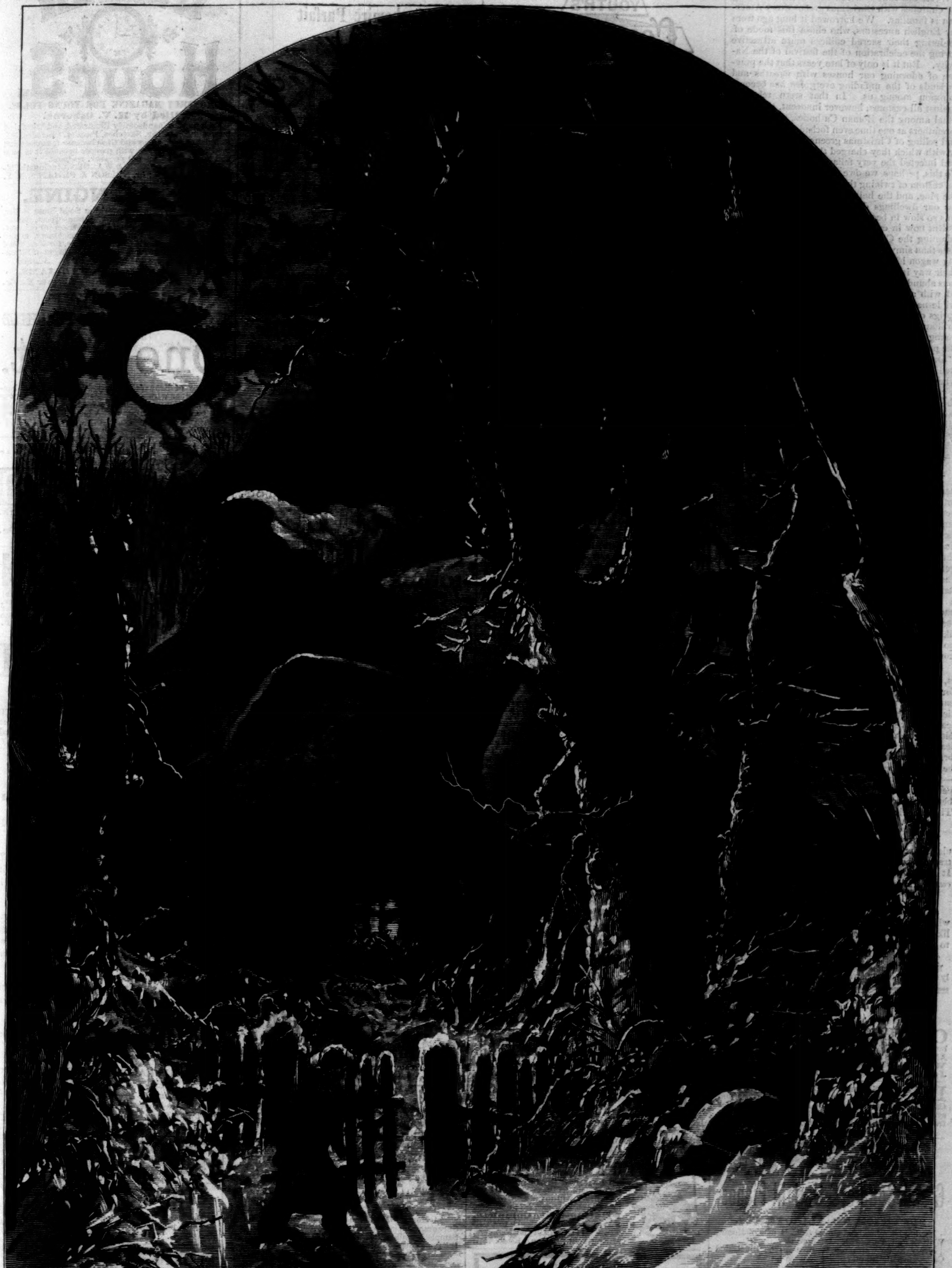
TO THE HERB YARROW.

EVERY where the Yarrow grows!
Here and there the thistle blows,
Here and there the barberries;
By the brook the plumy fern;
We know where the lily is,
Where the dear wild roses burn;
But the Yarrow every where
Wanders on the common air.

No one need to search for thee;
Even now thy leaf I see
Peeping o'er my opened book,
Throwing so fair a shadow down,
So perfect, that I can but look,
And, looking, find new wonder crown
The bliss of beauty, which before
Taught my spirit to adore.

In thy bitter odors blent,
Health we find, not discontent;
In thy name a tender grief
For that love once drowned in Yarrow—
Stream that never gave relief
To the faithful, winsome marrow.
Bitter Yarrow, flowing Yarrow,
Still lament thy winsome marrow!

Flower of our simple equal land,
Where men and women helpful stand,
And love and labor, high and low.
Type of the low! thou lovely plant,
Teach the proud heart how to know
The sacred worth of freedom's grant,
The strength of bitterness, and the sweet
Humility of beauty's feet. A. F.



THE OLD HOMESTEAD—GOING HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS.—DRAWN BY GRANVILLE PERKINS.—[SEE POEM ON PAGE 1046.]

CHRISTMAS GREENS.

WITH the time-honored custom of decorating our churches with Christmas greens every American is familiar. We borrowed it long ago from our English ancestors, who chose this mode of rendering their sacred edifices more attractive during the celebration of the festival of the Nativity. But it is only of late years that the practice of adorning our houses with wreaths and garlands of the unfading evergreen has become common among us. In that stern rebellion against all customs, however innocent, that were usual among the Roman Catholics, our Puritan forefathers at one time even forbade the gathering and selling of Christmas greens, as if the iniquity with which they charged the Church of Rome had infected the very foliage of our forest trees. To this, perhaps, we owe the fact that the beautiful custom of twining the branches of the spruce, the pine, and the holly into graceful decorations for our dwellings during the Christmas season was so slow in becoming popular.

But now in every part of the country we are adapting the Christmas greens to more familiar uses than simply church ornaments, as the groaning wagon loads of fragrant branches that make their way into our great cities just before Christmas abundantly attest. Our markets are crowded with a splendid array of stately trees and a wilderness of wreaths ingeniously woven from sprigs of holly and pine, relieved by berries of a brilliant red color, which it is the delight of young and old to purchase and carry away for the purpose of decorating their homes.

Our artist has given on our first page a spirited sketch of a scene in Richmond, Virginia, where an old negro is arranging a bargain with a young lady about a luxuriant branch of holly she is desirous of possessing. The interest attaching to the sale has drawn attention away from all other business, and half a dozen eyes are eagerly looking out for the result of the transaction.

SYMPTOMS OF CATARRH.

DULL, heavy headache, obstruction of the nasal passages, discharges falling from the head into the throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody, and putrid; the eyes are weak, watery, and inflamed; there is ringing in the ears, deafness, hacking or coughing to clear the throat, expectoration of offensive matter, together with scabs from ulcers; the voice is changed and has a nasal twang, the breath is offensive, smell and taste are impaired; there is a sensation of dizziness, mental depression, hacking cough, and general debility. Only a few of the above-named symptoms are, however, likely to be present in any one case. There is no disease more common than Catarrh, and none less understood by physicians.

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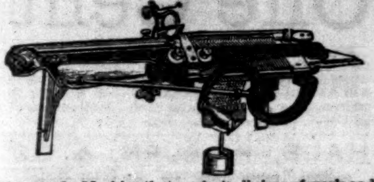

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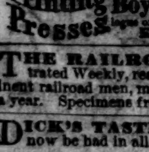

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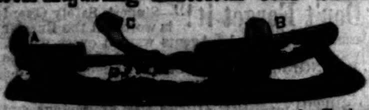

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TWENTY MILES AN HOUR.

TWENTY MILES AN HOUR.

HURRAH! old King Winter;
With your icy hand
You have made the streamlet
Solid as the land.
Don your harness, Rover,
Ready for a ride.
Winter chains the waters;
Down the stream we glide.
Fast the speed—
Wild, indeed—
Racing, rushing, riding,
Down the river gliding.
Bravo! old King Winter;
Homage to your power—
Flying, flying onward,
Twenty miles an hour.

Welcome! old King Winter;
Glorious is your reign,
Bringing merry pleasures
In its chilly train.
Welcome, jolly stranger,
With your cloak of snow!
See me on the river
As I skating go,
With my steed
Thus I lead,
Past all others brushing,
Down the river rushing.
Watch my flight, old Winter;
O'er the ice I scour—
Fastest time on record—
Twenty miles an hour.

Hurrah! old King Winter,
Graybeard from the North;
From your icy fastness
Have you ventured forth?
Glorious in your ermine,
Diamonds o'er you strown,
Wandering down to greet us
From your iceberg throne.
See us go—
Cold winds blow—
Chasing, glancing, prancing,
Down the river dancing.
Bravo! old King Winter;
Let the twilight lower—
Winging, springing onward,
Twenty miles an hour.

Never was there charger
Wore a prouder air,
Bounding o'er the landscape
With his lady fair,
Than my trusty Rover,
Sharing in the mirth,
When the grasp of Winter
Closes over earth.
Eyes aglow,
See us go;
Never thought of stumbling,
Never fear of tumbling.
Hurrah for King Winter!
Bless his icy power—
Racing, chasing onward,
Twenty miles an hour.

AN ISLAND PEARL:

A Christmas Story.

By B. L. FARJEON,

AUTHOR OF "BLADE-O'-GRASS," "GOLDEN GRAIN," "JOSHUA MARVEL," "BREAD-AND-CHEESE AND KISSES," "THE KING OF NO-LAND," ETC.

XIV.—(*Continued.*)

CINDERELLA ON THE ISLAND.

A FEW minutes afterward, when I had shaken hands all round, Pearl, seated between me and Tom Wren, read the pretty legend of "Cinderella" all through. And *that* also was a sermon as good as any ever preached in a church.

* * * * * *

And now I am warned that my story is in danger of being spun out to too great a length. So let the history of the next few years be told in almost as few lines. Indeed, one day was so like another, that a record of them would be but a repetition of things.

Death came among us. One went; another followed; and another; and still another. Before long, we counted the magic number, seven; and at this we mercifully remained. Our hair turned gray and white, and we all thought that our bones would be buried in this island of the South Seas. We got resigned to this, and cared not for ourselves. Our only concern was for Pearl, our fairy, our queen. Year by year she grew fairer and more beautiful and more beloved. She kept us in the right path. Her presence and sweet influence continually humanized us. James Bowden had kept a record of the days from the first, so that we knew when the Sabbaths were, and these, as well as Christmas, were religiously and lovingly observed.

So Pearl grew into womanhood, and Tom Wren still searched for his pumpkin, not finding it until one blessed day when our Island Queen was seventeen years of age. He came running toward us with the air of a wild man, and swore he had seen a ship. We raced to the hill where our signal-fire was still burning, and found that he was right. It was a calm and beautiful day, and there lay the ship that was to restore us to the world. It was long before we succeeded in making our signals seen; but when we did, and saw the boats putting off for us, we fell upon our knees, and sobbed like children.

Pearl nestled close to me, tenderly and anxiously.

"You don't forget your promise," she said, tearfully. "I have no one, daddy. I am alone in the world."

"You are my child," I said, as I folded her in my arms, "and you and I will never part. I could not love a daughter of my own more dearly than I love you."

Long before this I had told my mates of the gold Mr. Druce had left behind him, and they had decided that half of it was mine, and that the other half should be divided among those that remained.

Of this part of my story I have little more to say. Strange as it may sound to you, it was not without regret we left the island where we had found our Pearl; and the last night we passed there, in company with our preservers, was a night to be forever remembered.

Pearl and I brought away with us some of the flowers and earth from the grave of my little Bob.

"He would have been a man now, my darling," I said to Pearl, "if he had lived."

We knelt together by the grave, and prayed in silence.

The ship that took us from our island home was bound for dear old England, and the next day we were sailing thitherward with a fair wind, uncertain at first whether we should not suddenly awake to find it was all a dream. But it was no dream, thank God! It was precious reality, and we made a fair passage to the dearer home to which our hearts had invariably turned in our exile with fond and wistful yearning.

XV.

THE NEW TRINITY.

ONCE more, then, I set foot on my native land. It was about the second week in November, and Pearl and I were alone. I stood in silence for a few moments outside the docks, to draw what seemed to me to be the breath of freedom. All our companions had gone their several ways to see relatives and friends who had believed them to be dead. Even Tom Wren had left us. He had two sisters in Devon, to whom it was right he should go without delay; but it was only by strong persuasion that he was induced to leave his fairy Pearl, and it was arranged that he should come to us at Christmas, wherever we might happen to be.

"And this is London!" said Pearl, gazing about her in wonder. "Mother used often to speak of it. Daddy, I shouldn't like to be left here alone. It's very large, isn't it? And to think that, of all the people in it, you are the only friend I have!"

The fair young creature clung to my arm wistfully and fondly.

"You are not the only one, dear child," said I. "When I was here last, my old mother was alive. I doubt, alas! if she be alive now. If she is gone, I also shall be without a friend but my little Pearl. Well, dear child, we will rub along together, you and I. You have no father or mother of your own, and I have no wife and child."

"Am I not your child?" asked Pearl, softly. "Never say that again, Daddy Beecroft! I will be a good child to you; and what father have I but you, my dear? You are not tired of me, are you? We are going to live here all our lives, you say. Say, 'Welcome to our home, dear daughter.'"

I said the words, and kissed her in the streets—I didn't mind the people looking. They would have liked to have been in my place, I do not doubt.

But there was no time to lose. There were certain things to be seen to without delay. The first was, to inquire after my mother. Away, then, we rattled to Brixton. I directed the driver to stop within half a mile of the place, wishing to walk thither, as I used to do in the old days. What varied emotions agitated me as Pearl and I walked toward the familiar spot where the sign of "Beecroft, Mariner," used to stand! My little girl saw that I was agitated, and did not disturb the current of my thoughts, except by a fond and sympathizing pressure of the arm. Great changes had taken place. New streets had been formed; new houses had been built; old landmarks had disappeared. But when I turned the lane in which our cottage used to stand, I saw with delight that it was still there; and as surely as I lived, the fondly remembered device of "Beecroft, Mariner," was over the parlor window. I paused a while.

"I have two strong wishes, my dear," I said.

"Yes, daddy," said she.

"The first is, to find my dear old mother alive. The second is, that we may be able to live in that cottage."

"Why, daddy," she said, "your name is over it! Is it yours, then?"

"No, dear child; but my father lived in it before me, and I passed there the happiest years of my life. You mustn't question me yet, my little daughter. Out of charity and mercy to one I loved most dearly, I have never spoken of it to you. My wounds open afresh as I gaze upon the place where I drew my first breath. Come."

I knocked at the door of the cottage, and an elderly woman appeared. I had hardly dared to hope that my mother would have answered me; but the disappointment, for which I ought to have been fully prepared, gave me a great shock, and I could scarcely find my voice.

"Forgive me," I said, presently; "my name is Beecroft."

"Indeed!" said the woman, glancing in some surprise at the device of shells above the window. "Not that Beecroft?"

"Beecroft, Mariner, was my father," I replied. "I was born here, and I have just returned to my native land after an absence of many years."

"Perhaps you and the young lady would like to walk in?" said the civil woman.

I did not require a second invitation. Much of the old furniture was there; many of the old shells also. My eyes filled with tears as I gazed on the dear mementoes. I entered into particulars with the woman, who informed me that she and her husband had lived in the cottage for ten years; that the last tenant, an old woman, whose name, she said, was the same as my own, had fallen into poverty, and had been sold off, the landlord of the house buying the furniture himself, and letting the place ready furnished. I asked after my mother, but the woman could give me no information of her. She had left the neighborhood when she was turned out of the house, and had not been seen in it since. Upon further inquiry, I ascertained that there would be no difficulty in obtaining possession of the cottage, provided I was willing to pay a certain sum of money to her husband. To be brief, I concluded the arrangement the same day, and the next morning I took possession by consent of the landlord, of whom I purchased the furniture at a price satisfactory, I am sure, to him, and quite as satisfactory to me. Had he asked me double the sum he named I would have given it willingly. So there I was, once more in the old house at home. To have obtained one of my wishes thus easily was an omen of good luck.

"You are mistress here, my dear child," I said to Pearl; and I explained to her how every thing used to be arranged in the old times, and what pride we took in the shells which my father and I had brought home. She listened attentively, as though she were learning a lesson, and after giving me a dozen kisses, became excitedly and delightedly busy. I told her to engage a girl to assist her in the cottage, and upon her saying that she did not want one, I replied that it was necessary, as I should be a great deal away from home for a few days.

"I must find my mother, Pearl," I said. "I must not lose an hour."

But my inquiries appeared likely to lead to no satisfactory result, until an old man told me that I might learn something if I could find the address of a woman who had lived in the neighborhood for a few weeks some eight or nine years ago, he thought, and who got her living by her needle.

"Or tried to get her living, I should say," he added, in correction, "and didn't succeed. Leastways, no one about here would employ her, and she was out of favor with every body."

"For what reason?" I inquired.

"You had better ask the women," said the man; "I'm not good at tittle-tattling."

I did not follow his advice, having had enough in my time of gossiping women's tongues. I did a more sensible thing. I went at once to a private detective, and placed the matter in his hands, promising to reward him liberally if he succeeded. Of my mother I gave full particulars; of the woman who would be likely to give information of her I could supply him only with the slight clew which I had gained from the old man.

"Leave it to me," said he; "I'll find one or both in three days, if they're to be found at all."

I had no doubt but that this was a boast; yet, for once, a boaster's word was good. He came to me on the night of the third day.

* * * * * *

Pearl and I were sitting in the little parlor at Brixton. It was ten o'clock at night, and a heavy November fog enveloped the streets in darkness. Inside it was bright enough. A cheerful fire was blazing, and the room was warm and cozy. Every thing in the house was arranged by my little maid's clever hands exactly as it used to be when I was a boy. Not a word referring to the past dropped from my lips but was treasured up by Pearl, and, if practicable, acted upon. She had commenced the practice of reading aloud to me of a night, and she was thus occupied on this night, when I suddenly desired her to read no more. The story jarred upon me; it appeared to me to have been written but with one purpose in view—to show the character of woman in its vainest and most frivolous light.

"You don't like it," said Pearl; "neither do I. Could any thing make you believe that women are as bad as the author makes out?"

I sighed as I replied, "My experiences of women would have turned me utterly against them but for you, my dear, and for the memory of my unselfish old mother, who loved me too well, and whom I repaid with harshness and ingratitude."

As I spoke, it struck me as strange that it was in this very parlor that I had come into close and loving connection with the women who played an active part in my life. Here had I enjoyed the sweetness of a fond mother's love; here had I seen Mabel for the first time as a child; and often afterward, when she had grown into a fair and beautiful woman; here had I learned how she had betrayed me; and here I now sat with Pearl, who had in a measure restored my faith, and brought comfort to my bruised heart. It was on Mabel as a child that my thoughts chiefly dwelt, and on the happy time when I used to speak to her of the voices of the shells. Could I hear them now, what would they say to me? I placed one to my ear, and with closed eyes listened to the sweet, confused murmur. There was harmony in it, but no design; presently, however, came something that was clear to me. In the midst of the soft murmur a few words of Mabel's favorite song shaped themselves, and I heard her sweet and false voice singing to me, "In faith abiding, I'll still be true." Ah, me! In those words she had sworn to be faithful to me. How had that vow been kept?

I aroused myself from my reverie, and my heart throbbed violently as my gaze fell upon Pearl, who was kneeling before the fire, looking with tender love into my face. Surely it must be a continuation of my dream that caused me for a moment to believe it was Mabel herself whose eyes met mine! So did she look as I opened my arms to her, as I opened them now to Pearl, who raised herself and sat upon my knee, embracing me. We were disturbed by a knock at the door. I went to the door, and the detective I had employed stood before me.

"We have found her," he said, curtly.

"My mother?" I cried.

"No," he replied; "the other one."

With glad eagerness Pearl handed me my cap.

"Good-night, dear child," I said, kissing her. "Go to bed at once, and do not open the door till you hear my voice. I may be out late."

I waited outside the street-door till I heard the key turned. "Good-night," I cried again. "Good-night, daddy," she called out; "I shall keep awake till you come home."

"A pretty lass, that daughter of yours," said the detective, as we walked away. I did not undeceive him as to the relationship, but his remark made a strange impression upon me.

"Have we far to go?" I asked.

"We had better ride, I think," said he. "We are going to Whitechapel."

By the time we reached our destination it was nearly eleven o'clock. But few words were exchanged. My thoughts sufficiently occupied me, and my companion was not disposed to be loquacious. Yet I observed him occasionally by the dim light of a street-lamp regarding me with a curious and thoughtful observance. We stopped at the corner of a narrow street.

"Best not drive down here," said the detective. "I'm fond of peace and quietness."

I desired the cab-man to wait for us, and we turned into the street.

"A miserable place for a woman to live in," I observed, noticing the signs of squalor and poverty around us.

He shrugged his shoulders; he was more used to the signs than I.

We paused before one of the meanest of all the mean-looking houses.

"This is the place," said the detective. "The woman you want lives on the third floor—in the

"'SOME NUTS, MY LAD?' SHE SAID, IN A THIN, PIPING VOICE."

"'FORGIVE ME; OH, FORGIVE ME!' SHE SAID."

garret, in fact. I'll stop below. You may have something private to say to her."

He gave me some loose matches, for the passages and staircase were in total darkness. I made my way slowly to the top of the house, never dreaming of what in the next few minutes would be revealed to me. There was no choice of doors to knock at when I reached the top landing, for there was but one. At this I knocked, and a faint voice desired me to enter.

It was a large room, with a sloping ceiling. At the farther end sat a woman, working with her needle. The only light in the room was supplied by one thin candle, and my heart was stirred by pity at the misery of the apartment, and at the struggle for bare subsistence which that and the aspect of the woman presented.

"I hope you will excuse the intrusion," I said, "at this late hour; but I have been directed here in the hope that you may be able to give me some information of my mother, whom I have not seen for years, and of whom I am in search."

The woman rose when I commenced to speak, and stood with her hands pressed tightly to her bosom. I could not clearly distinguish her features in the gloom, but it was evident she was strongly agitated.

"Do not be afraid of me," I continued. "I have not come to harm you in any way. I am a sailor, and have been home but a few days. It is my mother I am in search of. Her name is Beecroft."

The woman staggered toward me and fell at my feet. Great God! it was either Mabel's white and fear-struck face, or the face of a spirit, that my eyes rested on as I looked down.

We gazed at each other in terror for full a minute, and it was I who broke the silence.

"In the name of God," I asked, "who are you?"

"I am Mabel," she gasped; "your wife. I believed you to be dead! Was it not you I saw on that terrible night in *The Rising Sun?*"

The passion and scorn of her expressed in my features caused her to pause.

"It was I whom you saw," I said. "I was saved by a miracle almost—"

"I, too, was saved," she sobbed. "But I scarcely know how. After you disappeared from me, I found myself with two men on a rock, where we lingered miserably till, by God's mercy, we were rescued. But I will tell you all by-and-by. Amos, I have suffered much—oh, so much! Have you no word of love for me, after all these years of misery?"

She clung to me, and would have embraced me, but I flung her from me with a bitter laugh.

"What would you have said to Mr. Druce," I cried, savagely, "if he stood before you instead of me? You believed me to be dead! So did I believe you to be—and hoped it, ay, hoped it! A new misery has come into my life, when I vainly hoped that my troubles were at an end. Love for you! You killed love, and poisoned my heart to you years and years ago, when you betrayed and deserted me. Till then I cherished you in my heart of hearts, and was true and faithful to you, as I vowed to be. But you—"

My passion and my grief almost choked me; but if I had not paused from that cause, Mabel's attitude would have arrested further speech. She had risen from her feet, and was now standing by the table. Her trembling limbs denoted that she needed some support.

"And you believe the stories that were circulated about me?" she exclaimed, in a tone of mingled pride and despair. "You believe—"

"I believe what I know to be true," I said, interrupting her. "I have heard and discovered enough, and wish to hear no more. Had I been told it was your face I should have seen to-night when I entered this house, I would have flown from it as from a pestilence. No words! I tell you again I will hear nothing further. But I came here for a purpose; and for my mother's sake, I will ask you if she lives, and if you know where she is to be found."

"She lives," replied Mabel, faintly; "and I know where she is to be found."

"Thank God for that!" I exclaimed. "You will not refuse, I suppose, to tell me where to seek for her?"

She was not strong enough to speak. With heaving bosom and clinched hands she directed me to the table by a look. Following her gaze, I saw an envelope on the table, and written on it my mother's name and the address of a public-house.

"Can I take this?" I asked.

She nodded, but made no further sign.

There was something heavy in the envelope. I tore it open, and took from it a small piece of silver and a few copper coins, and flung them on the table. In the blindness of my passion I did not stop to trace the connection between the addressed envelope and the money inclosed.

"Before I go," I said, with my hand on the handle of the door, "I will tell you, as is my duty, what you may have a right to know. I see that you are poor; I have money. What it is incumbent upon me to do, as your unhappy husband, I will do—but not for love. I live in the old cottage. But do not come yourself, for I will not look upon your face. Write or send, saying what you require and demand, and I will forward it to you. I recognize your claim upon me as my wife in the eye of the law. You may not know that your lover, Mr. Druce, who sailed with you in *The Rising Sun*"—a look of amazement flashed into her eyes, but I was in no mood to interpret signs—"is dead. He was saved, with myself and others, in a boat, which enabled us to reach the shelter of an island, where we lived until we were rescued a few months ago. He died there, a natural death, saving my soul from the commission of a crime. For had I seen him, and recognized him in life, I should have killed him."

"God forgive you, Amos Beecroft," she murmured, with parched lips, "for the base and sinful thoughts that would have led you to the crime!"

"I need forgiveness, but not for that. Another thing. Your child—"

"My child! O God! Yes, yes!" It was the mother speaking now, not the woman.

"—Lies buried in that lonely island. The poor boy died in my arms—"

"Am I dreaming, or am I mad?" she muttered, with a dazed look. "The poor boy died in your arms!"

"And now I have but this to say: After we had found refuge in the island, we happily saved from death a little girl, who, in our exile, grew into fair womanhood. She is young and pure and good, and I have adopted her as my daughter. It is for her I live, for I love her as my own; and it is for her sake that I forbid you to come to me. She does not know the particulars of my unhappy history—she does not know that my wife betrayed me, and played me false. The story is too shameful for my Pearl to hear, and I would save her from the contamination of your presence."

She gave a wild scream.

"Your—Pearl! Pearl! Saved—from—death!" she cried, tottering toward me with a wild, appealing motion of her trembling hands.

But I waited to hear no more. I reeled down the stairs like a drunken man, with all my pulses beating furiously. The detective caught my arm and steadied me, and the action recalled me to myself. I placed the envelope in his hand, and asked him if he was acquainted with the place.

"Well," he answered; "it is in the sailors' quarter—one of the common dancing-houses."

"Let us hasten there."

"You know the name the woman upstairs goes by, I suppose?" he said.

"You mean to ask me if I know she is my wife. That is enough, is it not?"

"It's no business of mine," he replied, taking his cue from my sullen manner. "I never interfere in family matters. Peace and quietness is my motto."

In less than ten minutes we arrived in the cab at the sailors' house. It was situated in the most squalid part of the East End of London, and I heard the sounds of music as I entered.

"We shall find her in the dancing-room," said the detective, after exchanging a few words with the landlord. "An old woman answering to your description comes here every night, and sells nuts."

I followed him into the room, where a number of sailors were dancing, and there, standing by the bar at which men were drinking, I saw my mother, an old, old woman now, with a basket of nuts on her arm.

Not considering what might be the effects of the sudden surprise upon her, I placed my hand on her shoulder, and looked in her face.

"Some nuts, my lad?" she said, in a thin, piping voice.

And without waiting for an answer, she filled a measure and held it out to me. I received the nuts in my cap, and gave her a shilling. She passed her fingers over it, and put it to her teeth.

"She is blind," whispered the detective.

The shock of the news almost struck me dumb; for her eyes were wide open, and seemed to be looking at me. But, alas! she was never more to see the face of the son whom she had loved so truly and devotedly.

"Give me a measure, mother," said a sailor. She laughed in a childish way as she filled her measure again.

"The lads, bless them!" she piped, "know that I was a sailor's wife and a sailor's mother. Here, my lad. Where's the gentleman who gave me a shilling? Bless you, my lad! you don't think I am rich enough to change that?"

"Keep it, mother," I said, in a rough, tearful voice.

"No, no, my lad," she replied. "You mustn't be overfree with your money. 'Tis too much the way of sailors, that. 'Tis true I've had the good luck, more than once, to sell out my basket to one man—"

"You shall do so now, mother. Measure them all out to me."

The landlord, at a sign from me, gave me a dish which stood on the bar, into which my mother poured all her nuts, measure by measure.

"Thirteenpence, my lad," she said.

I handed the nuts to the landlord, and gave my mother another penny.

The men would have crowded round us, but that the detective, whispering to them, kept them off. "Good luck to him!" they said, and gave me and my mother many a sympathizing look. But one, less cautious than the others, cried out, "What! Amos Beecroft alive! I knew him, and served with him in the *Indiana*. Give us a grip of your hand, mate!"

I waved him back with a warning gesture. My mother dropped her basket, and in a feeble, querulous tone cried,

"Who spoke of Amos Beecroft, my son, being alive? He is dead! The best of sons and the best of sailors! He died doing his duty, as Beecroft, Mariner, his father and my husband, lads, did. Oh, Amos! my son, my son!"

"Mother," I whispered, still disguising my voice, "will you listen to me for a moment, and try to be strong?"

"I listen with my heart, my lad," she answered; "with my heart! Was it you sailed in the *Indiana* with my son? Nay, my lad, don't cry. 'Tis a woman's business to suffer. They little know—oh, they little know!"

"A sailor, mother," I whispered, through my tears, "is never dead till he's buried, as you have learned before to-night. Did not Amos, your son, come home after he was supposed to be dead? And suppose he was speaking to you now?"

It was useless saying any thing more, for she could neither see nor hear me. With a deep sigh she would have fallen to the ground, but that I supported her in my arms.

I carried her to the cab which was waiting at the door for me, and amidst cries of "Good luck to you, mate, and the old woman, too!" we drove off to Beecroft, Mariner's, cottage of shells, in Brixton.

* * * * * *

It was two o'clock in the morning, and my mother was in bed, and Pearl was watching over her. On my way home I had stopped at the house of a doctor, who accompanied us in a cab, and who left me only half an hour since.

"It is difficult to tell," were his last words to me, "in what condition she will awake, or, indeed, whether she will awake at all. Remember how old she is, and what she has passed through. It is wonderful, from what you have told me, how she has borne it all."

Sitting alone in the little parlor, my thoughts naturally turned on the strange discoveries of the night, and on those events of my life which led up to them. But I could not reduce them to order, my mind was in such a whirl; and one thought was never absent. Had I wronged my wife in believing her to be unfaithful to me? Her pale, suffering face and her poverty were stronger witnesses in her favor than all the circumstantial evidence which proclaimed her false. Pearl's light step aroused me from my painful musings.

"She is awake," said Pearl, "and is asking for you."

I went upstairs at once, and sat by my mother's bedside.

"I know my Amos's step," she murmured. "I have not been dreaming, then—and yet it seemed so real. Kiss me, my son."

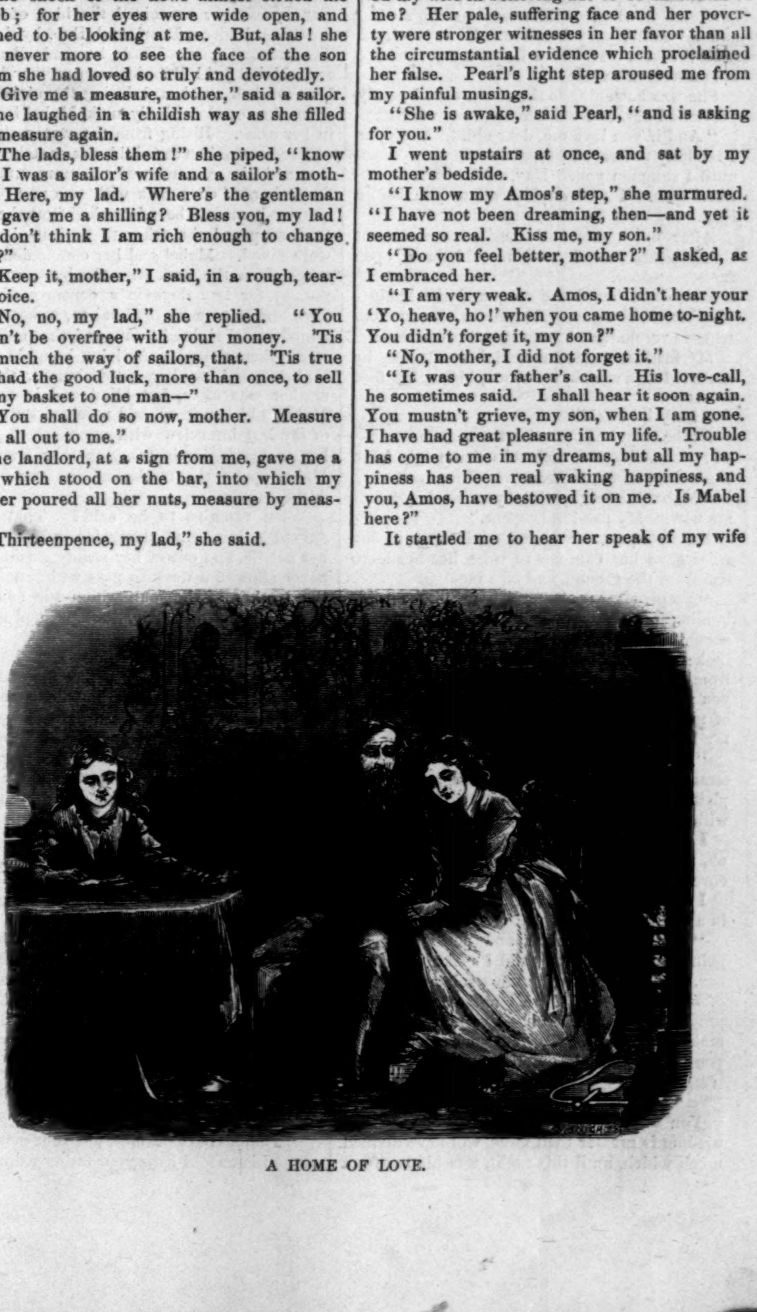
"Do you feel better, mother?" I asked, as I embraced her.

"I am very weak. Amos, I didn't hear your 'Yo, heave, ho!' when you came home to-night. You didn't forget it, my son?"

"No, mother, I did not forget it."

"It was your father's call. His love-call, he sometimes said. I shall hear it soon again. You mustn't grieve, my son, when I am gone. I have had great pleasure in my life. Trouble has come to me in my dreams, but all my happiness has been real waking happiness, and you, Amos, have bestowed it on me. Is Mabel here?"

It startled me to hear her speak of my wife



A HOME OF LOVE.

in a tone of love, and I noticed that Pearl was listening now with a sudden wonder in her face.

"No, mother; she is not here."

"You must bring her to me; promise me, Abel."

"When she comes, I will bring her to you."

"I have something to say to her—and to you. I once wronged her in my thoughts, and I want to ask her forgiveness. She has behaved to me like a true loving daughter while you have been away, and has given me money regularly—though I doubt she is troubled in her mind about you. Heed what I say, my son. All the tales whispered about her were false. She is better than gold—she is as true as steel, and I misjudged her."

My breath came and went quickly, and Pearl urged me to lie down and rest.

"I will watch over your mother," she said, with a strange flush on her face.

"Who spoke?" cried my mother, striving to rise in bed. "You told me Mabel was not here."

"Neither is she, mother."

"She is. You can't deceive me, blind as I am. It was Mabel's voice I heard."

The wonder expressed in Pearl's face grew and grew.

"Nay," said I, "there is no one in the room but you, I, and a little maid I'm fond of. Speak to my mother, Pearl."

"Can I do any thing for you?" asked Pearl, timidly.

"Give me your hand, my child," said my mother. Pearl obeyed. A pleasant smile came to my mother's lips. "Ah, my son, this is one of your old tricks, to tease and please me! As if I could be mistaken in Mabel's voice! Mabel, my child"—her voice grew more solemn here—"I have wronged you. Say that you forgive me."

I saw that my dear old mother was wandering in her mind, and I whispered to Pearl to humor her.

"If you think I have any thing to forgive," said Pearl, in a low, trembling voice, and with difficulty restraining her tears, "I forgive you."

"The Lord bless you and my son!" murmured my mother; and then appeared to sink to sleep.

I crept softly to the room below, with hope and remorse newly born in my heart. Pearl followed me a moment afterward. She gazed at me timidly, wistfully.

"May I ask you a question?" she said.

"Yes, my child."

"Who is Mabel, and why is my voice like hers?"

"Mabel is my wife, dear child."

"It was my poor mother's name," said Pearl, her tears flowing. "She was a sailor's wife, and my father was drowned. That is why I hate the sea. Hush! I heard a cry outside! It is a woman's voice!"

She was hastening to the door, when I gently prevented her, and bid her go to my mother.

"And if you love me, dear child," I said, as I tenderly embraced her, "do not come down until I summon you. Nay, ask no more questions now. I will explain all to you before long."

After but a moment's hesitation she went slowly upstairs. Then I myself threw open the street-door.

I also had heard the cry; and the instinct of affection, or remorse, led me to suspect from whose overcharged bosom it had proceeded.

My instinct guided me aright. Outside by the window a woman crouched, hiding her face from me.

"Mabel," I said.

At the sound of my voice the woman crouched lower and lower, with sobs that might have come from a broken heart.

"Mabel," I said again, "you need not fear me now. My passion is spent."

An unexpected note of tenderness in my voice gave her courage to raise her head—to rise from the ground, and face me.

"Forgive me; oh, forgive me!" she said, holding out her arms imploringly; "but I should have died had I stopped away. You spoke of a child—Pearl!—whom you saved from the wreck, and who is here with you! If you were not mocking me, if you have a spark of mercy in your breast, let me see her! Oh, my heart, my heart!"

"Hush! you will alarm her! I have heard strange things to-night, and we must speak plainly to each other, without reservation and without suspicion. Come inside."

I drew her into the room, and once more—oh, thank God! once more!—a single roof covered all I had loved in the world.

I bid her sit down by the fire, and to speak in a low tone.

"My mother is abed, and perhaps at the point of death. The child I spoke of is with her. Mabel, this is the most solemn moment of our lives. If I have wronged you—and I pray to God that I have!—I will do my best to make atonement. Tell me your story, and as you believe there is a God in heaven, speak the truth!"

* * * * * * *

You whose hearts are more tender, whose wisdom is greater than mine, will have divined much which, until this night, was hidden from me. Briefly let me set down the substance of my wife's sad words.

When I left home after our marriage, she had gone into the country to her mother, who kept her there for months. She did not write, knowing that my mother could not read. When they returned to Brixton, Mr. Druce was the first to meet them, and he filled her ears with the slanders that were in circulation about me. She did not believe them; her mother did. "If you are not civil to Mr. Druce," said her mother, "I shall have to go into the work-house." She knew that her mother owed money to Mr. Druce, and, fearing him, she did not quarrel with him on the first night. But she determined to go to my mother in the early morning, and consult her as to what ought to be done to vindicate my good name. She went; my mother had disappeared. Day after day, week after week passed, and still no news of my mother until it was reported and believed that she was dead. About that time Mabel became a mother, and the child that was born was a girl. She named it Pearl. Then came the news of the wreck of *The Blue Jacket*, and the loss of every soul on board. She received no letters from me. If any were sent, they were intercepted. Mr. Druce pressed his suit upon her, but she would have nothing to say to him. Still, loathing him, her mother compelled her to be civil to him, and one day proposed that they should emigrate. She joyfully consented, to escape Mr. Druce. They had been at sea two days before he appeared. He had taken his passage on the same vessel, and Mabel suspected that it was a planned thing between him and her mother. She then determined to have nothing to say to him, and she disregarded all his attentions and solicitations. When they landed in Australia, her mother insisted on taking another name, saying that she had had ill-luck enough with the one they bore, and that a change might bring them better fortune. Thus it was that Pearl did not know the name of Beecroft.

For years Mr. Druce did not relinquish his pursuit of her; but after one last and unsuccessful appeal he left her, and she never saw his face again. Then her mother died, and she was left alone with her child. She led a hard life; and when Pearl was ten years of age, she determined to come home to the old place. She had saved money enough to pay for her passage, and she took it in *The Rising Sun*. She had no idea that Mr. Druce was a passenger in the ship. When they left England he was with her by design; but now it was chance—or fate, as I mentally said at this portion of her story. She was too ill to come on deck until the night of the wreck, and then a humane passenger conceived the idea of saving the two children, Pearl and Bob, by lashing them to one spar. While he made Pearl secure, Mabel held Bob, his own mother having been washed overboard during the night; and when the vessel suddenly sunk, Mabel had Bob in her arms. Rising from the water, she recognized me; then the child was snatched from her, and she remembered no more, until she found herself on a rock with two men. Two quarter-boats had been launched from the ship: each supposed the other to be lost—but both were saved. Mabel and her companions were taken from the rock into the boat, and after pulling for two days in a contrary direction from the course we had taken, a homeward-bound vessel sighted them, and the passengers were taken aboard. Arriving home in safety, Mabel found, to her astonishment, that my mother was alive, but blind and in poverty. Mabel told her story, and received an account of my last interview with my mother. From her woman's instinct my mother knew that Mabel spoke the truth, and the two became friends again.

What remains to be said? That Mabel gained a hard and miserable subsistence by her needle, and out of her scanty earnings had never allowed a week to pass without assisting the mother of the man whom she had loved devotedly and faithfully, through good and evil report.

* * * * * * *

It was enough. Long before the end of the story was reached, doubt had flown from my soul; and when the last words were spoken, I knelt before the good and pure woman, and humbly begged forgiveness for my crime—for it was no less. Need I say how my appeal was met? It is women such as the one I had the happiness to call my wife who purify the world.

"Come, my wife, and see your child."

Softly we stole into the bedroom. My mother and our child were asleep. In an agony of joy, Mabel pressed her lips to Pearl's face, to her neck, to her hands, to her dress; but with such divine tenderness and gentleness as not to awaken our darling. My heart went up to God the beneficent!

Suddenly my mother stirred in her bed.

"Amos!" she cried. Then,

"Mabel!"

We went to her side.

"You are together, my children?"

"Yes, dear mother."

"Thank God! Amos, put your arms round me. Listen! I hear your father calling, 'Yo, heave, ho!' Dear ones, good-by for a little while!"

* * * * * * *

To-morrow is Christmas-day, and I am alone, writing the concluding words. Tom Wren is coming to spend Christmas with us.

Last night my wife and child and I were sitting together in our little parlor. Holly and mistletoe were already on the walls, garlanding two pictures which I have had drawn, one of my old mother, the other of Beecroft, Mariner. The fire was burning brightly, and peace was in our hearts. The only heaven the earth contains was shining upon us and within us, though we saw no glimpse of the sky. We were at Home, and it was a Home of Love.

"Mother," said Pearl, "what is the first letter in the alphabet?"

"O, my darling, of course."

"And the next?"

"N."

"And the two next?"

"C and E."

"Once upon a time," said Pearl, clapping her hands. "Now, mother, I am going to read you and father a very, very pretty story."

"Do, dear child. What is it?"

Pearl produced the torn text-book of her island school.

"It is called," she said, with the most delicious little laugh in the world, 'Cinderella; or, The Glass Slipper.'"

She read the story from beginning to end, and we listened in delight.

"Mother," then said our child, "if three pumpkins were to suddenly pop on to the table—"

"Mind, my darling! They might! Strange things happen."

"Well, if they did, and you had a fairy wand, and wanted to make a present to every body—every body, mother!—this Christmas, what would you change them into?"

My wife nestled closer to me.

"Well, mother, what should the first pumpkin be?"

"Faith, my darling."

"And the second?"

"Love."

"And the third?"

"Charity."

A blessed Trinity, indeed!

THE END.

CHRISTMAS SHADOWS.

THE needles have dropped from her nerveless hands,
As she watches the dying embers glow,
For out from the broad old chimney-place
Come ghostly shadows of "long ago:"
Shadows that carry her back again
To the time of her childhood's artless joy;
Shadows that show her a tiny row
Of stockings awaiting the Christmas toy;

Shadows that show her the faces loved
Of many a half-forgotten friend:
And the Christmas-eve it is passing by,
While Past and Present in shadows blend.
Alone in the dear old homestead now,
With only the shadows of "Auld Lang Syne,"
The clock is ticking the moments on,
While the tears in her agèd eyes still shine.

If only out from the silent world—
The world of shadows which mock her so—
One might return to his vacant chair,
To sit with her in the fire-light's glow!
If only— Was that a white, white hand
That seemed to beckon her out of the gloom?
Or was it the embers' last bright flash
That startled the shadows round the room?

The Christmas-eve it has passed at length;
A glorious day from the night is born;
The shadows are gone from earth away,
And the bells are ringing for Christmas morn.
But, ah! by the broad old chimney-place
The angel of death keeps watch alone,
For straight to the Christ-child's beckoning arms
A longing spirit hath gladly flown.

A PINCH OF SNUFF.

BEAUSEANT, in the *Lady of Lyons*, disclaims snuff-taking and such "small vices;" whereupon Claude Melnotte, disguised as the Prince of Como, pertly retorts that if it had been a vice, M. Beauseant would surely have possessed it. The vice, if vice it be, has almost gone from us now; tobacco is consumed, but it is in other forms; the snuff-taker is now rarely seen, and when making his appearance, avoids display of the box he was once so proud of, and by his furtive air confesses himself rather ashamed of the obsolete habit that has enslaved him. Even after the taking of snuff had ceased to be a general practice there yet survived a custom of presenting snuff-boxes; royalty found this a convenient method of obliging and rewarding its favorites. The proceeding possessed a certain Napoleonic flavor; it boasted imperial tradition, and so obtained the sanction of the Second Empire. And certainly the snuff-box was a pretty toy; the miniature painter—the Cosway of the period—lent his aid to the embellishment of the lid, the jeweler and the goldsmith furnished valuable assistance; it might be the most costly of productions, yet it was rated as a trifle—a mere vessel to contain pulverized tobacco; it was precious and prized the while it was of a friendly and personal and domestic purport. But the snuff-box may be said to have fallen with the Second Empire: royalty now bestows medals and rings and pins, but never a snuff-box. The Sir Plumes of to-day know nothing of the conduct of clouded canes or of amber boxes.

Smoking, which has outlived snuff-taking, was yet the elder vice. Shakspeare makes no mention of smoking, and it must not be supposed that snuff was contained in the "pouncet-box" held by Hotspur's fop, perfumed like a milliner, between his finger and his thumb,

"Which ever and anon
He gave his nose, and took't away again—
Who, therewith angry, when it next came there,
Took it in snuff."

But to pipes and tobacco there is very abundant reference in the other Elizabethan dramatists. Of snuff-taking as a habit, however, there is as yet no record. Gradually it was discovered that the powder of tobacco possessed an agreeable odor; it was used as a perfume about the year 1702, the early snuff-takers carrying with them a small grater with which they reduced the tobacco to powder. But the first snuff-boxes contained no reservoir; it was necessary to consume the powder as soon as it was made. Subsequently an improvement was devised, and a separate place in the box was made for the powder, the implements of manufacture being inclosed in a special compartment. By a further progress in the craft of snuff-taking a sufficient quantity was manufactured to be contained in a separate box, which was carried in the pocket, while the manufactory itself was left at home.

It must be confessed that snuff-taking had its unpleasant side. The readers of *Martin Chuzzlewit* can not but sympathize with Mrs. Prig's reasonable objections to Mrs. Gamp's untidy dealings with her snuff, when she conjured that lady not to "go a-dropping none of it" into the dish of sliced cucumber, duly immersed in vinegar, which had been prepared for supper. "In gruel, barley-water, apple-tea, mutton-broth, and that, it don't signify," added Mrs. Prig. "It stimulates a patient. But I don't relish it myself." And there had been much earlier satirizing of the female snuff-takers. A writer in the *Spectator*, 1712, alludes to it as a custom the fine women had lately fallen into. "This silly trick is attended with such a coquette air in some ladies, and such a sedate masculine one in others, that I can not tell which most to complain of; but they are to me equally disagreeable." Mrs. Saunter is described as so impatient of being without snuff that she takes it as often as she does salt at meals, while the pretty creature, her niece, imitates her aunt in the practice, and if less offensive to the eye, is quite as much to the ear, "by a nauseous rattle of the nose, when the snuff is delivered, and the fingers make the stops and close on the nostrils." "As to those," the letter-writer proceeds, "who take it for no other end but to give themselves occasion for pretty action or to fill up little intervals of discourse, I can bear with them; but then they must not use it when another is speaking, who ought to be heard with too much respect to admit of offering at that time from hand to hand the snuff-box. Yet Flavilla is so far taken with her behavior in this kind that she pulls out her box (which is, indeed, full of good Brazil) in the middle of the sermon; and to show she has the audacity of a well-bred woman, she offers it to the men as well as the women who sit near her; but since by this time all the world knows she has a fine hand, I am in hopes she may give herself no further trouble in this matter. On Sunday was seven-night, when they came about for the offering, she gave her charity with a very good air, but at the same time asked the church-warden if he would take a pinch." And in the same way Steele, in the *Tatler*, lectures a certain Sagissa who had hidden "a very pretty fellow" in her closet, so that he might not be seen by a party of visitors suddenly arrived. But she had presently occasion to seek something in his hiding-place, whereupon the gallant availed himself of the opportunity and snatched a kiss; but being unused to snuff, some grains from off her upper lip made him sneeze aloud," and thereby betray his presence, and at once alarm and inform the lady's visitors.

In the eighteenth century snuff-taking was a universal habit. No wonder that, according to Burke, the age of chivalry had departed, for how could chivalry and snuff subsist together? Did Marie Antoinette take snuff? Probably, but it is reputed that she preferred bonbons. Queen Charlotte certainly "snuffed." Captain Gronow, as an Eton boy, beheld her Majesty walking with the king upon the terrace at Windsor, "her royal nose covered with snuff both within and without." The great Napoleon carried snuff in his waistcoat pocket, and took prodigious quantities. George the Fourth carried a box, but only made believe to apply the powder to his nose. He was an impostor even in the matter of snuff-taking. At the regimental mess-tables of the time snuff-boxes were sent round with the decanters after dinner. Mrs. Siddons and Mrs. Jordan, the Tragic and the Comic Muse, were both persistent snuff-takers even on the stage while employed in the representation of the most important characters. Gentlemen of fashion formed collections of snuff-boxes and "cellars" of snuff—stored in canisters and prized like wine. Lord Petersham was supposed to possess a box for every day in the year. Of a light blue Sèvres box he was wont to say, "Yes, it's a nice one for summer, but it would not do for winter wear." His sitting-room was like a tobacconist's shop; jars with names in gilt letters of various kinds of snuff were ranged against the walls, with the necessary apparatus for moistening and mixing. "Lord Petersham's Mixture" long remained an esteemed snuff, and great favor was won by a scented snuff, "Prince's Mixture," so-called in honor of the Regent. A snuff known as "No. 45" long signalized the popularity of Mr. Wilkes; "Hardman's No. 37" was the snuff used by Sir Joshua Reynolds, who took it profusely, powdering his waistcoat with it, letting it fall in heaps upon the carpet, and even upon his palette, so that it became mixed with his pigments and transferred to his pictures. But these were the palmy days of snuff-taking—gone, never to return. The snuff-taker has now come pretty nearly to his last pinch.